Ireland's Last Hope, by William V. Shannon

If I Were a Collector, by Katharine Kuh

Ambassador College

# Saturday Review

August 7, 1976

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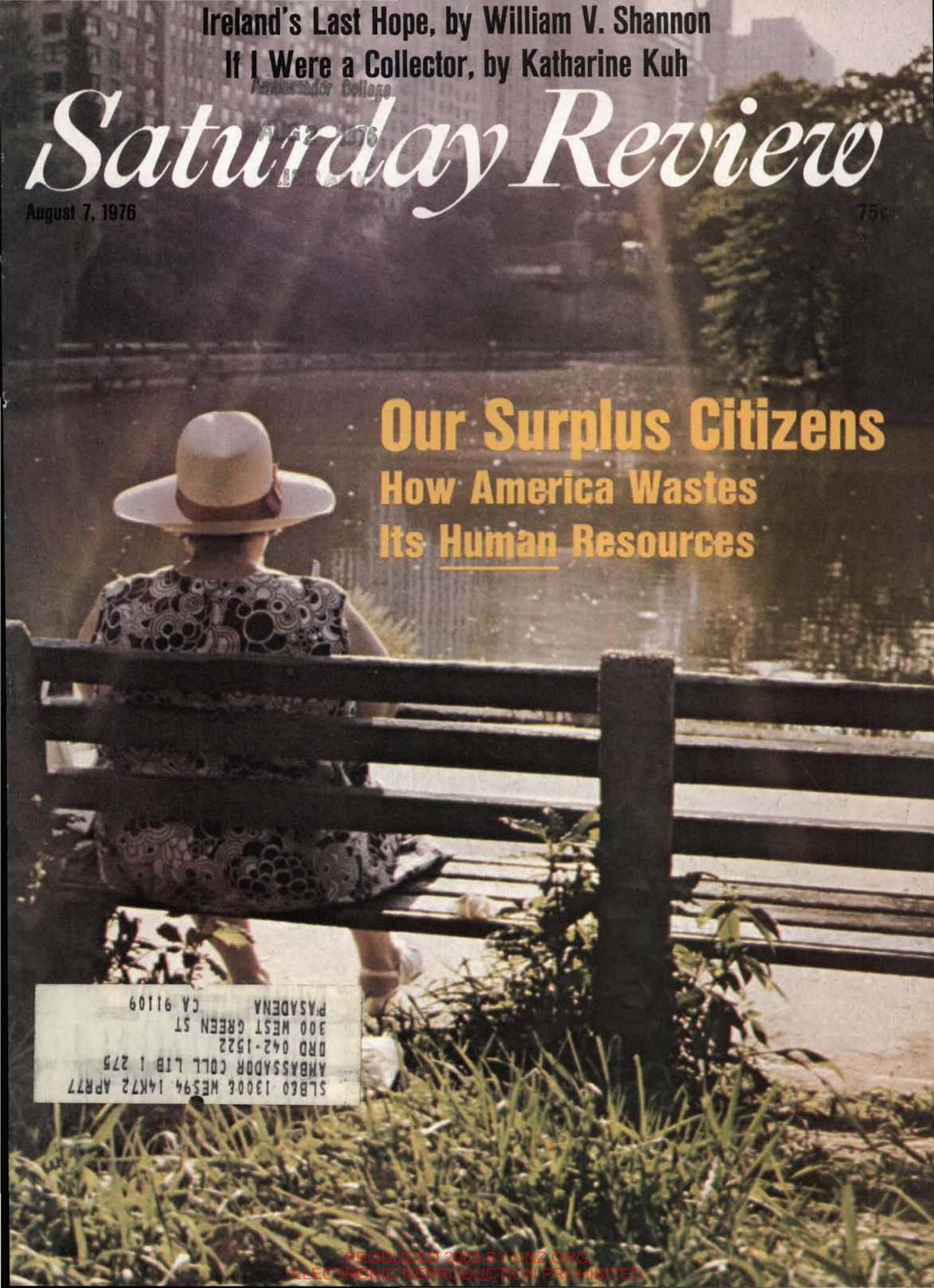

## Our Surplus Citizens

### How America Wastes Its Human Resources

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# Announcing the Friends Of The Earth Collection of American Wildlife

In the tiny Swedish town of Gantofta, a noted sculptor-naturalist named Maria Ericson is creating a menagerie of stoneware animals. Her art pays tribute to the wildlife she loves and knows so well.

Each sculpture is cast, finished, and glazed by hand under her watchful eye. If she's pleased with the piece, her name goes on it. If not, it's broken and returned to the earth. The process is exacting and slow; only 200 of these pieces are signed each month.

This work was commissioned by Friends of the Earth, a non-profit group that fights for legislation to protect our natural resources. For example, we helped persuade the government to declare the grizzly a threatened species last year; fewer than 1,000 are left. Now we're working to create the Great Bear Wilderness Sanctuary in Montana to insure the survival of this noble species.

Friends of the Earth saved the banded seal by guiding through Congress the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972. Now we want to preserve the shrinking habitats of the ocelot, which is endangered, and the cougar. By pressing for controls on the use of lethal pesticides, we're helping the endangered black-footed ferret to survive. And we're monitoring Alaskan oilfields lest the polar bear's fragile environment be destroyed.

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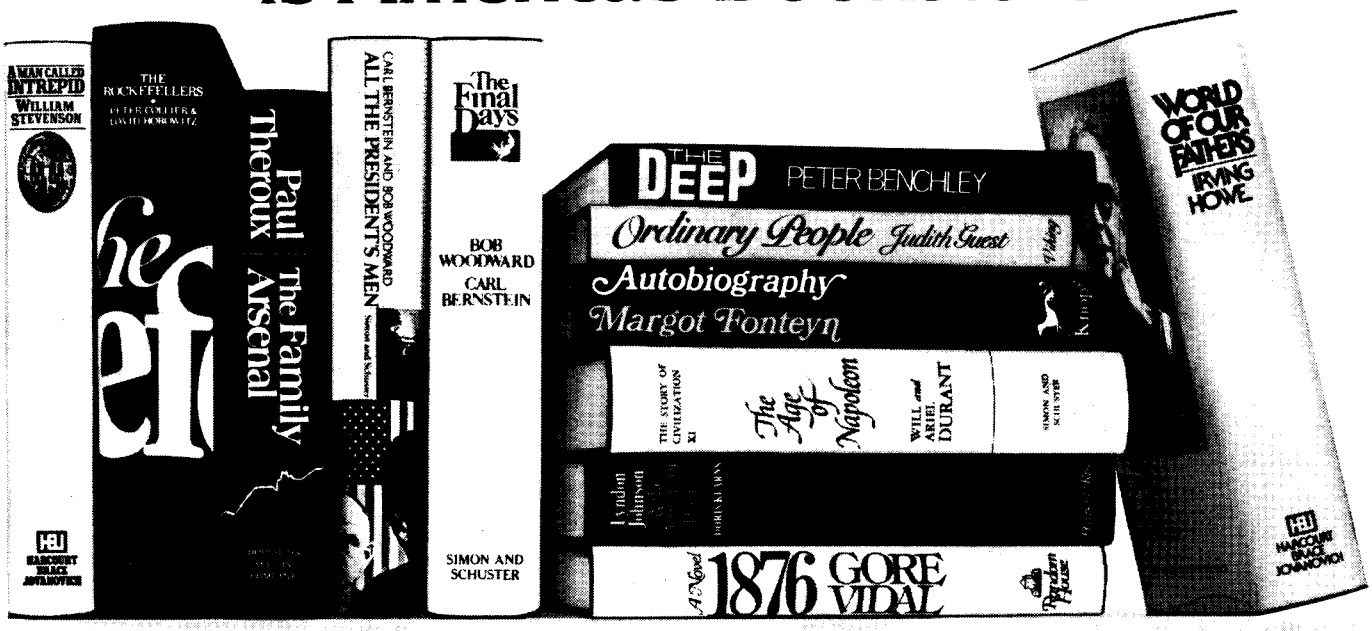


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**Cover photograph** by Michael D. Sullivan

**Cartoonists:** Mario F. Risso, Robert D. Ross, Robert Mankoff, Pat Miod Kriss

SATURDAY REVIEW published bi-weekly by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., 488 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.
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# When You Retire, Will Your Only Rewards Be A Gold Watch And A Social Security Check?

It's frightening.

A man can work hard all his life and end up with nothing to show for it—forced to live on Social Security. Forced to find work when he's 65 just so he can pay his bills.

If you want a good reason to go into business for yourself—even if *your* retirement is 40 years away—talk to someone who is retired.

We think he'll say the time for you to get ahead in business is now. A man who's willing to work hard shouldn't have to depend on the "generosity" of others. It's no coincidence, of course, that most successful men are their own bosses. They're the men who make their own futures, so they're not dependent on the government or anyone else.

And that brings us to Dynamics.

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There is only one "magic formula" for success: hard work channeled in the right direction.

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We think we can help you channel your energies in a way that can make us both very successful. In fact, we're almost positive we can—we've done it over and over again in the past few years.

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**It Takes Work, Not Money.**

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**Results.**

Alvin Furer used to work on a General Motors assembly line, making $10,000 a year. Then he answered an ad like the one you're reading right now. Last year he earned $70,000 with us. Not everyone makes $70,000 a year. But we can introduce you to men who are earning $30, $40 and $50 thousand a year with Dynamics.

**Get The Facts.**

We can't tell you everything here. And right now you're probably a little skeptical. (At one time, so were all the people we've named here.) But write to find out more. And do it now without any obligation.

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Editorial

# The New Vikings

**"What is most important about the Viking project is not what it will tell us about Mars, but what it is already telling us about the nature of the human mind"**

RECENTLY we visited the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, not far from the famed California Institute of Technology. The JPL is the control center for the Viking expedition to Mars. The main attraction, of course, is a replica of the man-made robot that was about to settle down on the face of Mars under instructions from its masters on Earth 203 million miles away.

The robot is not a sleek and streamlined object, as one might expect from anything capable of undertaking a mission to another planet, but a spindly and knobby contrivance with gangling metal arms and short, skinny legs attached to pot-cover type shoes. Attached to the waist of the robot is a jug containing a chemical analyzer. The arms and hands are designed to scoop up Martian soil for deposit in the analyzer, which, in turn, is able to transmit the information back to Earth.

In toto, the robot looks like an oversized Erector Set toy built by a boy too young to read the instructions but old enough to use up every piece in the box, to say nothing of whatever oddments he was able to borrow from the kitchen hardware drawer.

To this awkward assemblage has been entrusted one of the most exalted and arduous missions yet conceived by the human brain. The journey of the robot is a dramatic example of the ability of the human species to do anything that is within its imagining. It is also symbolic of the insatiable thirst for answers that has characterized human intelligence at its highest.

Finding a congenial spot for the robot to put down its gangling form is the most hazardous and least predictable aspect of the entire expedition. For the robot has a sensitive equilibrium and a delicate underbelly. If it had landed on a rock only eighteen inches high, it would have been upended and its gizzards pierced, defeating the infinity of efforts and dreams of the Earthlings millions of miles away.

Most of the activity in the control headquarters in California, several days before the landing, was focused on photographs of the Mars surface being transmitted from the robot. The original sites turned out to have many more craters than had been anticipated. The problem with craters was not so much that the robot might crack up in one of them—this was something the robot had been trained to avoid—but the fact that craters indicate the existence of a rocky terrain.

The scientists in Pasadena watched their television screens with the unsuppressed excitement of children looking at their first Punch-and-Judy show. They exclaimed over markings that indicated the existence of dried-up river beds. They scrutinized lines as straight and broad as highways, which they believed to be faults, but they were mystified when they saw one of the lines detour around a large crater and resume on the other side. Some of the scientists were agog over a photograph showing the formation of what appeared to be a large cross in the Martian soil. They had no theories to explain this marking. Their main speculations, of course, were directed to the possibility that Mars, which has an atmosphere, might also have enough moisture to support life. It is significant that the Project Scientist at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Gerald A. Soffen, is not an astronomer or a physicist but a biologist.

To be sure, the curiosity of the JPL scientists will not be exhausted with proof or disproof of the existence of life on Mars. There is much they hope to learn about the Earth as a unit in the solar system. The information they receive from Mars and from probes elsewhere will help them to construct a profile of the history and nature of our own planet as part of a larger celestial whole.

AS A group, the men and women who are planning and engineering our missions beyond the Earth are troubled about public misunderstanding of their program, their operations, and their auspices. They have to cope with the general fallacy that their projects are directed by the military and that they are spending billions of dollars just to be able to have more efficient devices for dropping bombs on enemies. They hope that Americans will understand that they are as separate from the Pentagon as is any other branch of government and that their budget is less than 1 percent of what is spent by the military.

Perhaps the most insistent question of all being asked is whether we are going to learn enough to justify the effort. The question is a waste of time. To insist on absolute answers as a precondition for any great undertaking is to deprive the future of its main source of intellectual energy. Pareto reminds us that it was fortunate for the beginnings of systematic astronomy that observations of Mars at the time were not too precise. The inexactness led Kepler to discover the laws of planetary motion. Civilization makes its advances far more from what it does not know and from unglamorous errors than from uncontested certainties.

What is perhaps most important of all about the Viking project is not what it will tell us about Mars or about the solar system, but what it is already telling us about the nature of the human mind. The reach of a spaceship, wondrous as it is, is only a minor reflection of the reach of the human brain. The most exciting thing in the world, and perhaps in the universe, is the conceptual faculty. The human species can accomplish anything it can conceive. This would seem to suggest that the most spectacular achievements of all will come about when the human mind and spirit can conceive of an existence on Earth without brutality, without squalor, and without war. —N.C.



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# Letters from Readers

### To Tell the Truth

I fully agree with the students interviewed by Fred M. Hechinger ["Waxworks History," May 29]. History courses in secondary school are excessively neutral and present a predominantly positive view of America's role. . . .

I was, quite simply, deceived by my own history education in secondary school. The America I knew in high school was not the same one I later learned about in college and as a journalist. The America I learned about fought the Civil War solely over slavery, freed *all* her slaves, and for humanitarian reasons only; was innocent of any wrongdoing, provocation, or incompetence in the Pearl Harbor attack; and was not imperialistic, like her enemies.

What a shock to find that these are, at best, half-truths. . . . It is not in the best interests of this country, or of any free world country, for her young to enter the democratic process with a distorted view of history. Confusion and illogicality are the certain results.

*William Kremer*
*Royal Oak, Mich.*

### Simon Sings

I find Bruce Pollock's article ["Paul Simon: Survivor from the Sixties," June 12] chokingly hard to swallow. It would have been more realistic had Mr. Pollock just admitted that he was infatuated with Paul Simon's music, instead of building half cases of parallels and contradictions. . . . Upon examination, Joni Mitchell's albums show one heck of a lot more musical, lyrical, and personal progression than can ever be found in Simon's music. This is true, too, of many influential singers of the sixties who have "survived" into the seventies—Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Arlo Guthrie, Hoyt Axton, Bert Jansch, Maria Muldaur.

The article did nothing to prove that Paul Simon is even equal to some of the "survivors" of the sixties musical scene, but it certainly proved that Bruce Pollock is not speaking with an overall perception of music of any period.

*Mary Holderby*
*Barboursville, W.Va.*

Small wonder that we in Bruce Pollock's generation "devoured the latest albums like epic novels." Notice the similarity between the following passage from Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River* and one of Paul Simon's most famous lyrics:

"And suddenly, with a feeling of terrible revelation, she saw the strangeness and mystery of man's life: she felt about her in the darkness the presence of ten thousand people, each lying in his bed, naked and alone, united at the heart of night and darkness, and listening, as she, to the sounds of silence. . . ."

*Tom Bisky*
*Fairport, N.Y.*

### Lawless Lawmakers

George C. McGhee [CIA Reform: How Much Is Enough?" May 29] gives the impression that it would be possible to transform the CIA into a law-abiding arm of the government. His analysis fails to recognize the political use to which that agency and the FBI have been put: the suppression of all resistance against the government. The thought that any reforms could really alter the very purpose for which agencies were created is more than adequately put to rest by a look at the manner in which they have been employed in an attempt to destroy the struggles of Native Americans in this country.

The current media coverage of illegal intelligence-community activities has failed to report adequately the ongoing program of the CIA and FBI to disrupt and destroy the organizing work of progressive Native people. The 1975 Rockefeller Commission Report on the CIA lists the American Indian Movement as No. 5 on the CIA list of more than 1,000 targets for its illegal domestic "Operation Chaos." The 1973 occupation of Wounded Knee was used by the government as a trial run to employ U.S. military counterinsurgency techniques against domestic groups, in violation of federal law. . . .

*William Kunstler*
*Menlo Park, Calif.*

*Attorney William Kunstler, civil libertarian and former defense counsel for the Chicago Seven, is working with the Bay Area Wounded Knee Support Committee in Menlo Park, Calif.*

George McGhee separates information-gathering from covert operations, and his only restraint on the latter is to piously place a taboo on assassination and to require that undeclared wars be "conducted by an anonymous agency reporting directly to the President." This is reform?

What set the alarm bells ringing in my mind was this statement: "Authority for covert operations must stem from our highest authority —the President." Since when? I was taught that we have a three-headed government of legislature, executive, and judiciary, headed by Congress, President, and Supreme Court. Has our Congress really sunk to the level of the Roman Senate under the emperors?

*Melvin Malles*
*Lake City, Minn.*



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# Our Surplus Citizens

## How America Wastes Its Human Resources

**America's cavalier waste of human potential—especially among its young, its elderly, its women, and its racial and ethnic minorities—verges on the criminal.**

**True, *ours is not the only country that* has a large population of social casualties—of "walking wounded" citizens who make only a lame, halting contribution to the common life. But, unlike most other countries, the United States has more than enough resources to do something about human mismanagement; yet we have failed egregiously to take the appropriate steps.**

**The following articles take a long look at how human lives are wasted in this country, with special reference to such problems as the poor quality of child care, our metastasizing drug-and-vice subculture, our "surplus" of college graduates, chronic unemployment, the plight of working and nonworking women, and the desperate situation of those older citizens who have been "put out to pasture."**

## An American Paradox

by Hubert H. Humphrey

AMERICAN society embodies a curious paradox. On the one hand, we are devout believers in the work ethic. Not only do we judge our fellow citizens by the kind and quality of the work they do, but we cruelly ostracize those who are not engaged in productive jobs—often through no fault of their own.

Yet, on the other hand, we have steadfastly refused to commit ourselves to policies that would enable all to work—even when it is clearly within our power to do so.

We are a nation that is founded on a belief in the dignity and worth of the individual. Yet we do not encourage all of the individuals to develop to their full potential, and we place little apparent value on the skills and resources of certain groups of our citizens.

We are a nation that spends billions on welfare and unemployment compensation while vast numbers of the recipients themselves are asking for nothing more than the opportunity of fruitful work.

These inconsistencies have traditionally been excused by the assertion that our society cannot "afford" full employment. But, increasingly, the question is being asked: can we afford anything less?

The argument that high unemployment is "necessary" to restrain inflation has been largely discredited by the recent simultaneous drop in the rates of both unemployment



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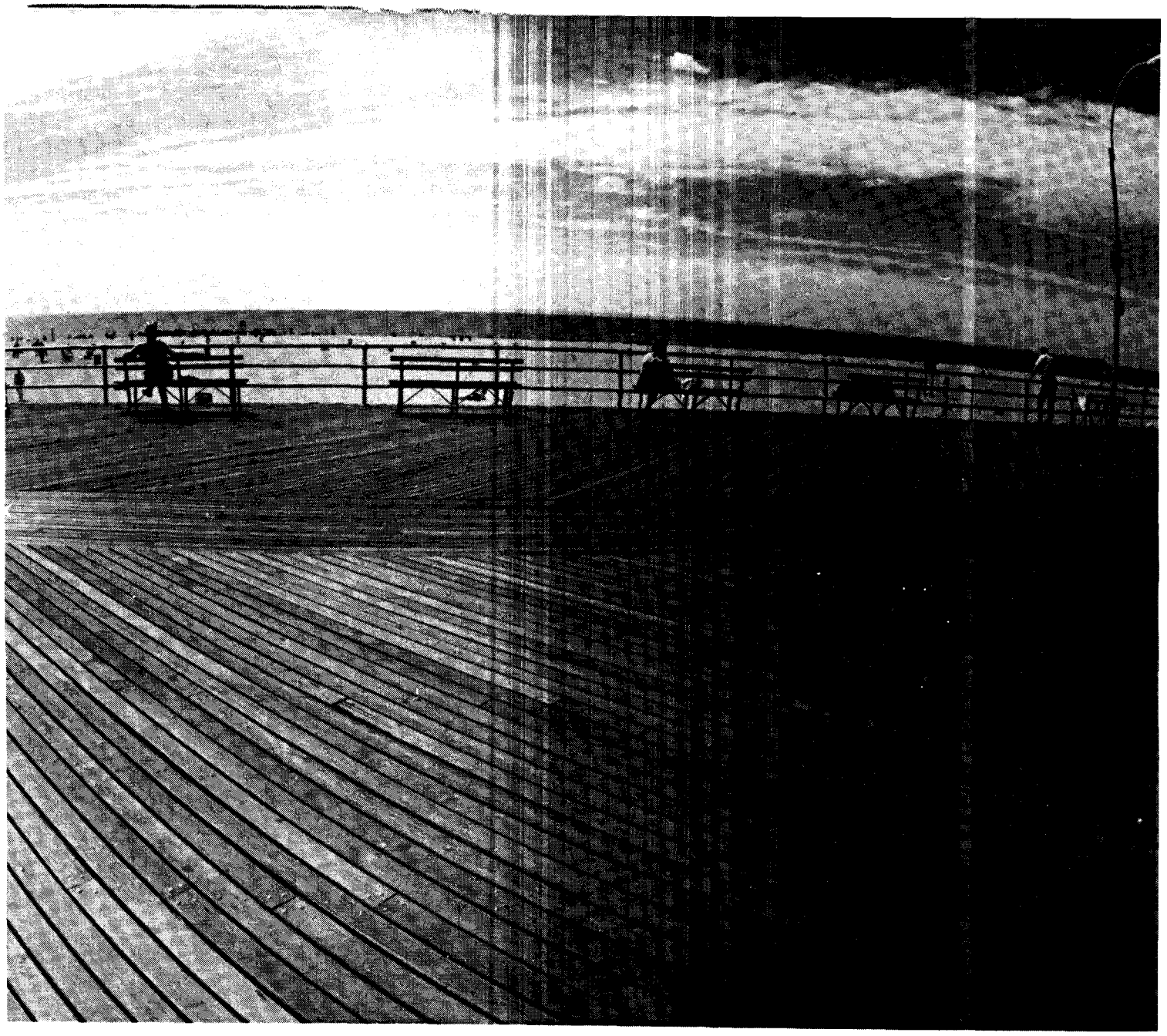

Allen Green/Visual Departures

and inflation. This is not surprising. Inflation is not created when idle labor and equipment are put back to work; it is created when we pay willing workers to remain idle.

Moreover, the economic cost of unemployment is prohibitive. It is estimated that, since 1947, excessive unemployment above a 3 percent minimum level has cost this society some $593 billion in goods and services forgone —a loss equivalent to $8,500, in 1975 dollars, for every American family.

The income that we have lost, and continue to lose, from our tolerance of high unemployment is, however, far from evenly distributed. The heaviest toll is taken on the unskilled, the immobile, and the inexperienced—the greatest untapped resource this nation has.

These, of course, are only the dollar costs of wasting our human potential. The social costs have already proved unbearable. Prison populations have reached new highs—increasing by an unthinkable 35 percent in the past three years alone. Mental-health and family-counseling services are inundated with requests for help, and the suicide rate has risen nearly 5 percent this year, after rising more than 2.5 percent last year.

The evidence now indicates that these conditions are directly related to our tolerance of excessive unemployment. A growing body of research shows that fluctuations in unemployment are directly followed by changes in the incidence of mental disorder, homicide, heart and kidney disease, alcoholism, suicide, infant and maternal disorders, and general mortality. That relationship suggests the alarming conclusion that much of our national health and well-being is determined in large degree by economic decisions made in Washington.

It is abundantly apparent that we are not only wasting the talents of our unemployed adults and the potential of our young but neglecting the continuing contribution of our elderly as well. And, in doing so, we are not only losing the people's faith in society's institutions, we are wasting the very life of this nation. ◉



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# Who Says We're a Child-Centered Society?

## Our deformed, battered, undernourished, miseducated children give the lie to the claim we are a child-oriented culture

by Albert Rosenfeld

Michael D. Sullivan

THE waste of human resources begins most extravagantly at the very beginning of life. In the United States each year, 50,000 babies die before they are a month old. Some 200,000 infants are born with birth defects—and birth defects, as the posters remind us, are for life. Another 245,000 are at risk because of their dangerously low weight at birth. The teenage pregnancy rate continues its steady rise—especially among girls under fifteen, who are both physically immature and emotionally unprepared for motherhood. At the same time, among maturer people who might be better equipped to raise healthier, happier children, parenthood has lately been rendered unfashionable. Columnist Ann Landers recently conducted a poll of her readers on "Parenthood—if you had a choice, would you do it again?" Some 70 percent of her respondents said they wouldn't!

According to a recent report of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect, 1 million cases of child abuse are reported each year—and the real figure is estimated to be closer to 2 million.

We have often been called a "child-centered society." But do we really give a damn about children at all in this society? Do we begin to understand the extent to which our human resources are squandered so early in life? Take, for instance, the distressing results of malnutrition. (See "Starve the Child, Famish the Future," *SR/World*, March 23, 1974.) If the requisite proteins are not at hand during especially critical periods of development—such as the second trimester of pregnancy or the first six months of infancy—as much as 30 percent of the brain's neurons may never be formed, which means a lifetime shortage of 3 billion brain cells!

So it is clear that the waste begins even before the beginning of life—at least before the child's official birthday.

The limits to what a human being may become are largely dictated by the genetic information in the nucleus of the original fertilized egg from which that person derives. Few of us, if any, ever attain anything like 100 percent of our genetic potential. How close we come depends on each individual's personal history in the world. That world at the outset is the mother's womb—a protected place, but not quite so safe and cozy a hideout as we once believed. The incipient organism must get enough of all the right things, and it must get them when it needs them. Without sufficient nutrients to serve as building materials for new cells and organs at the precise time they are scheduled to be formed, the genetic instructions simply cannot be carried out properly.

Nor can that inchoate life withstand too many of the *wrong* things, especially at its most vulnerable stages. Blasts of radiation can damage it, viruses can invade it, a variety of drugs (including alcohol) can harm it. Its biochemistry can be upset, across the placental barrier, by disturbances in the mother's own biochemistry—which may have been caused initially just as readily by external as by internal factors: bad food, bad habits (such as excessive smoking), or bad news (say, an argument with the expectant father). "It is essential to bear in mind," as Dr. Sydney S. Gellis, of Tufts University Medical Center, reminds us in the journal *Hospital Practice*, "that the emotional state of the woman during pregnancy may also have an important impact on her developing fetus."

The future person, if he is unhappy with the deal dealt out to him, may well wish retrospectively that things had gone better in those helpless prenatal days when he or she was a mere "it" being acted upon by the interplay of genetics and environment. And while those intimate, personal—if unconscious—transactions were taking place in his immediate neighborhood, were his prospective father and mother preparing themselves for the tasks of parenthood? Would they be too poor or too uneducated or too unfortunate in their overall circumstances to see that he was properly fed, loved, brought along at the right pace at the right time?


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Was he doomed in advance to poor schooling, low self-esteem, low economic status, lifelong handicaps of every variety? Ah, how much is decided for us, irrevocably and forever, before we are on hand to be consulted!

A BABY ant is much less vulnerable than a human baby. Its future behavior is written into its genetic manual of instructions. It is born knowing what it is supposed to do and how. But a human infant must *learn* all that over a long period of helplessness and dependence on other human beings to guide him toward some attainment of a fraction of his human potential. How many are cheated along the way—more by inadvertence than by villainy.

Nor are physical deprivations the only factors involved in the appalling early waste of potential. The growing brain and nervous system of an infant require not only food but "stimulus nutrition" as well; and if it is not supplied, especially at certain crucial phases of development, the whole organism suffers. We have learned much along these lines from animal experiments. A cat's eyes will be blind to specific kinds of images if deprived of seeing them at the times scheduled for programming the proper cells. (See "Observing the Brain Through a Cat's Eyes," by Roger Lewin, *SR/World*, October 5, 1974.) In order to sing its inherited songs, a bird must first hear other birds, and then *itself*, perform them. "Heredity is not enough," says Dr. David Krech, of the University of California at Berkeley. "All of the advantages of inheriting a good brain can be lost if you don't have the right psychological environment in which to develop it." Krech and his associates did a now-classic series of experiments, raising baby rats in "nursery schools" full of things to keep them interested, amused, and challenged. Rats thus raised not only had a measurably greater *number* of neurons than other rats, but their brain cells were richer in their biochemical content.

Obviously, no such brain-cell counts have been done on human infants. But contemporary researchers in child psychology have demonstrated beyond doubt that infants cannot thrive without proper love, attention, and stimulation, no matter how well they are fed.

In the case of rats, stimulus nutrition can correct, in part, the handicaps caused by malnutrition. After brain-cell division has stopped, there can never again (so we now believe) be an increase in the number of neurons. But in a stimulating environment, the neurons that already exist can grow larger by some 15 percent and form myriad new connections, thus enabling the deprived rat to catch up considerably in its intellectual capacities. The same appears to be true of humans, Dr. Myron Winick, of Columbia University's Institute of Human Nutrition, has decided after a careful study of starved Korean orphans adopted by American parents. In a new, loving environment, they improved beyond what had previously been thought possible. "The permanent effects of early malnutrition," Winick believes, "are really a combination of poor nutrition and long-term environmental deprivation." The trouble is that the two all too often go hand in hand.

Meanwhile, our ideas about childbirth itself are changing—in some places drastically. The trend back to natural childbirth, breast-feeding, and the training of midwives was already under way when *Birth Without Violence*, written by the controversial French obstetrician Frederick Leboyer, appeared in this country, followed by a personal tour. It caught the public's fancy, said Harvard's Dr. T. Berry Brazelton in *Medical World News*, "because everybody feels we have been treating childbirth as if it were a disease. It should be a happy, normal event, but it isn't." The results, some believe, have been damaging to many newborns and to mother-infant relations; and the whole childbirth enterprise is being critically re-examined.

In fact, childbirth is being increasingly subsumed under the rubric "perinatology"—which has as much the flavor of an evangelical movement (and so it should) as a broad new medical specialty (see "Perinatology: New Science of Childbirth," by Saul Kent, *SR/World*, July 13, 1974). The perinatologist views the moment of birth as merely one point on a continuum that begins with the nutritional health of the mother-to-be *prior* to pregnancy and the preparation of teenagers for their future parenthood; then goes through the entire period of pregnancy and birth; and continues into an indefinite postnatal period. To provide proper perinatal care requires an unprecedented combination of medical specialties working together *without interruption* during this whole period; and it includes the training of new personnel, the invention of new techniques and equipment, the establishment of perinatal-care centers, and the education of prospective parents and their doctors.

The perinatal movement is being spearheaded in the public sector by the National Institutes of Health's National Institute for Child Health and Human Development (NICHD) and in the private sector by such organizations as the National Foundation–March of Dimes—which is coordinating the efforts of several medical organizations, including the AMA. In an article in *Contemporary Ob/Gyn*, the National Foundation's Gabriel Stickle and Paul Ma make the claim that, merely by applying the knowledge we already possess, this nation's infant-mortality statistics could be lifted quickly from fifteenth (the dismal position we now occupy) to seventh place among the world's nations. And with the necessary research support, says NICHD's director, Dr. Norman Kretchmer, we could not merely rise to No. 1—and help other nations rise with us—but could save untold lifetimes of misery and ineptitude.

Meanwhile, those tens of thousands of babies do continue to die early, and those hundreds of thousands continue to be born with birth defects—and those millions to be abused by their parents. There is no way to count up the dreadful cost: stunted bodies and minds. More accidents, more early suicides. More crime and violence. A society full of time bombs walking the streets. "My future was small," wrote Arthur Bremer, would-be assassin of Governor George Wallace, in his diary, "my past an insult to any human being." Despite the screaming need, few communities have resources to deal with the emotional problems of preschool children and their troubled young parents. (See "And Now—Preventive Psychiatry," *SR*, February 21, 1976.)

Nobody had a perfect childhood, nor do we know what that would be. But we know enough—and, if we cared enough, would mount a crash program to learn much more and to apply what we now know—to salvage a good measure of this appalling human wastage, to head off all those premature partial deaths that take place way back there in the very beginning. ◉


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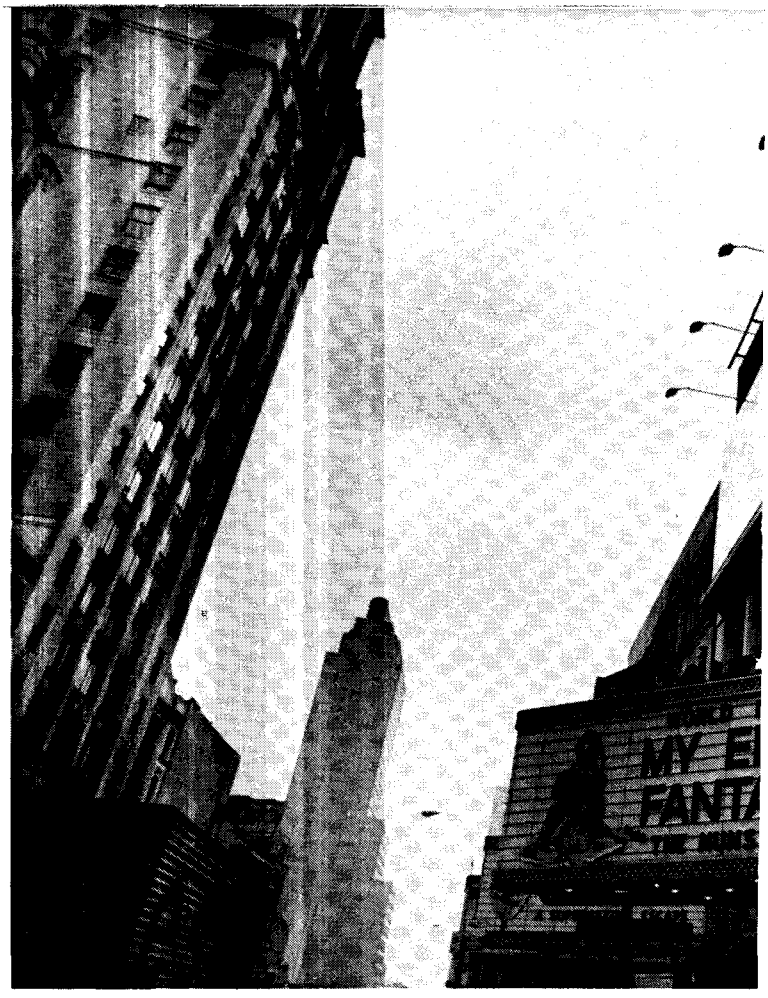
# Nothing to Do, Nowhere to Go

## The city streets offer a higher education in drug addiction, thievery, and prostitution

by Donald Kirk

*New York*



WALK up Eighth Avenue beyond 125th Street, past the Burger King where the owner and his brother were shot the other night, on by the immaculate exterior of the Muhammad Fish House to the yellow-brick-walled Nebo Baptist Church, at the corner of 127th. There they are, in a confused, swirling, jabbering crowd, some of them flashing rolls of bills, others holding oddly shaped little packages wrapped in newspapers, more drinking beer and soda pop on a hot summer's afternoon. It is an open-air marketplace, one of the biggest in the city, for traffic in heroin, cocaine, pills, marijuana, "almost anything you want," says a cop with an Italian name, peering suspiciously from the window of his squad car. "Let's break it up, break it up," squawks the loudspeaker atop another squad car a block or so away, and the crowd jostles and wavers and slowly disperses—only to regroup again after the law has rolled on down the avenue in search of similar scenes amid the rows of decaying tenements and glittering storefronts and faded, dingy shops.

It is a typical little confrontation in a city teeming with 125,000 hard-core addicts—and the clear possibility of more as long-range recession sets in and the city slashes its budget for police and drug and educational programs. "We don't have enough cops for foot patrols," says one of the policemen. "We bust them every now and then, and they go somewhere else. There's not much we can do." The story is the same on the West Side, in midtown, on the Lower East Side—anywhere the junkies and the whores and the pimps hang out with one eye on the nearest cop, the other on a potential customer. They are the waste of this urban society—perhaps more overtly visible in New York than elsewhere but representative of hundreds of thousands of other young people scattered through every metropolitan center in America. "They are people with nothing to do and no place to go," says Simon Anekwe, political reporter at the black weekly *Amsterdam News*, in the newspaper's ramshackle old walk-up a block or so down from the crowded corner where the Nebo Church stands.

"To the right is a bar they used to go to," Anekwe continues, pointing vaguely toward the window from the fourth-story editorial offices. "Then the *Amsterdam News* started an anticrime campaign, and the police raided it. They don't dare congregate in front of the Muslim fish place—the Muslims maintain order." Across from the Nebo Church rise the great brick slabs of the St. Nicholas housing project, to which some of the young junkies retreat as another squad car approaches them. A clot of three or four teenagers share the contents of a bottle of cheap wine, wrapped in a paper bag, in the playground while a couple of others toss a baseball back and forth. "It's a jungle in there," says an elderly man beside me, gazing at the walkways and entries to the apartment blocks, seething with job-eligible men out of work on a weekday afternoon. "With all the children cut loose from school for the summer, what do you think's gonna happen?" Even "in the best of times," says Anekwe, a 1952 Columbia Journalism School graduate who has worked for the *Amsterdam News* for sixteen years, "this was the center for drug traffic." Now, he points out, "there are no jobs in the first place."

In a city in which approximately 1 million are already on welfare, the problem of "nothing to do," of "wasted lives," of unexploited energy and talent, hits hardest at the black and Hispanic communities, already 40 percent of a populace of 7.5 million and 87 percent of the number receiving welfare benefits. The most hideous fact is that, while anywhere from 25 to 40 percent of the "minority" youth

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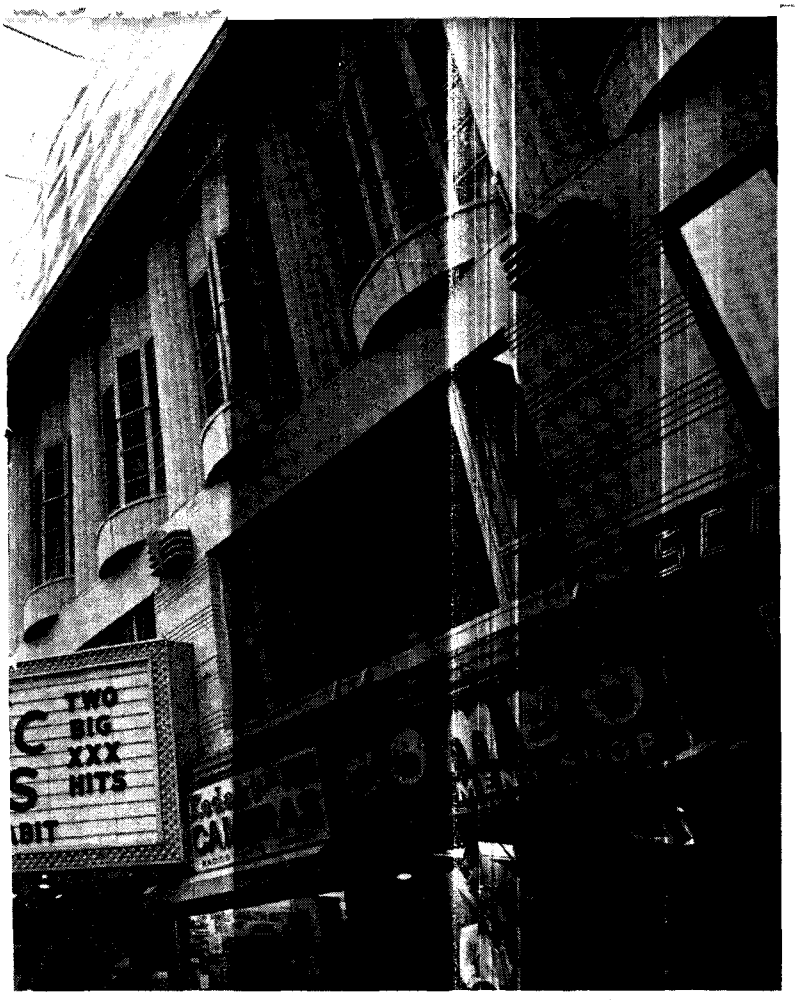


Allen Green

from sixteen through twenty-four cannot find jobs, or at least full-time sustaining ones, the problems of drug addiction, crime, and prostitution are growing—and the means to solve them short of a police-state type of repression are diminishing. "More drugs are available now than a year and a half ago," says Jerome Hornblass, commissioner of the city's Addiction Services Agency. "Heroin in particular is around more, and the purity of the drug has increased noticeably. People are more apt now to seek it out, so they're selling larger quantities for higher prices. Three years ago it was available at five dollars a bag. Now it's much higher." Hornblass blames the dilemma on mass unemployment as well as on the federal government's failure to "devote enough resources and strength to stop the distribution route beginning in Mexico and ending in New York.

"A person has time, he begins to look through various avenues," he continues, "so the whole enterprise of selling, buying, bargaining, making sure you're not caught and making contacts and running away creates excitement for somebody not working." Then, too, he adds, getting to the city's own bureaucratic shortcomings, "in terms of drug abuse among young people, society still has not come to grips with the fundamental need to rid society of drug orientation beginning at an early age." Thus, after watching a proliferation of programs to reduce the use of drugs, Hornblass has had to close down almost half the activities of his agency while the city reduced his budget this fiscal year from $72 million to $40 million, $33 million of it actually provided by the state government. Although not all programs were necessarily successful, directors and participants have no doubt of the potential disaster that awaits a metropolis in which, as Hornblass puts it, "the options are narrowing" for those who want help.

"It's like walking on air," says Irwin Levine, who runs a center called Veritas, on the West Side, for men and women between eighteen and twenty-six years old. "It makes it difficult for people with problems seeking a way out. At one time everyone felt they at least had opportunities. If kids aren't given new models, new ways of handling the situation, they're going to resort to the street techniques." Levine, a former addict who has been "in and out of jails," forecasts "a nice hot summer with lots of people returning to the streets." Down the hall come the sounds of men and women shouting—they are residents of the old brownstone working out their emotions in group therapy. Referred to Veritas by hospitals or courts, almost all of them seem to have profited from the experience of having stayed at the center for periods ranging from several months to two years. "If it was up to me, I'd open up a program on every block," says a tough-looking kid named Mike, who did four separate turns in the city prison on Rikers Island. Mike, on hard drugs for eight years, now works in a garage. "You have to start somewhere," he says. "If you're motivated enough, you can do it."

WHILE the boys support their habit with robberies and burglaries, the girls "turn out" as prostitutes. There are probably 2,000 of them walking the streets of New York or waiting in the "parlors" and another 2,000 working in "houses" or on call for "escort services"—not counting several thousand more part-timers who go to school or college, serve as secretaries, or aspire to careers in modeling and show business. In an era of shifting moral values, the part-timers may rationalize prostitution as an easy way to make money in between, say, acting classes and auditions. For the girls on the streets or in the massage parlors, though, there is in the end no rationalization other than the animal need to survive, to earn enough for the next fix—often supplied by pimps to whom many of them turn over almost all their earnings. "It's a vicious cycle, a revolving door," says a girl who worked the midtown Manhattan area for several years. "You never get out. After a while you can't do anything else."

You see them on the "Minnesota Strip," along Eighth Avenue in the Forties—girls from Maine and Kansas and Minnesota beckoning passersby while the pimps lounge several feet away against the hoods of their flashy new cars, monitoring their scores, watching out for the cops, smoking pot, and drinking. "It's the fast type of life. Everybody wants to make it big and make it fast," says a girl who did the "stroll" down Eighth, along Forty-second, and up Lexington Avenue. "I made double in a day what I'm making in a week now, and after three years I had nothin', and I was snortin' cocaine. Any girl who works on the street is screwed up, especially to give her money to a pimp." Yet the rate of prostitution, like that of drug addiction, is rising. "After all the motivation we put into a kid," says Naomi Reyes, an ex-hooker who works with girls off the street at Veritas, "society puts them right back where they started from. Once they get into the phase of re-entering society, it serves no purpose." It is the familiar story of Catch 22—and of lives and opportunities lost to a nation that still pays lip service to "productivity" and social "advancement." ◉


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# Sheepskins in Mothballs

## Are college degrees still an open sesame to the good life—or are they a drug on the market?

by Fred M. Hechinger

IN A current TV commercial, the head of an employment agency tells Abraham Lincoln that Abe will never get a decent job because he doesn't have a degree: "Without that sheepskin, fella, you're going nowhere!"

With variations, this theme has been drummed into us ever since World War II—without that magic-carpet degree, fella, you're going to end up poor, and a cringing social misfit to boot.

How sound is this notion today? Let's look at some facts:

- In comparison with 1969, starting salaries for college graduates last year had dropped by 23 percent for social-science and humanities majors and by 21 percent for mathematics majors.
- The financial return after graduation on the investment of tuition, which was estimated at between 11 and 12 percent five years ago, now is only slightly above 7 percent.
- Between 1969 and 1974 the proportion of eighteen- to nineteen-year-old males enrolled in higher education declined from 44 to 33.4 percent.

Experts predict that by 1980 there will be hundreds of thousands of PhDs who are not needed in the special fields for which they have been trained. With the number of school-age children declining sharply—since 1973 the number of first-graders in the nation's elementary schools has dropped by more than 600,000 each year—fewer teachers will be needed.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that these questions are being asked over and over again: are we sending too many young people to college? Will we turn out useless, and therefore disgruntled, graduates? Will the United States repeat the dangerous error of Germany and Italy in the 1920s—create an unemployed, alienated, and politically menacing intellectual proletariat?

The first question that should be asked is: why promise higher pay as a guaranteed return for going to college? The institutions of higher learning today find themselves in an uncomfortable box of their own making. During the affluent and expansive years, the colleges let the word go out—and even plastered it on posters in buses and on trains—that four years of college promised specific dollar returns. And as long as jobs were plentiful, the promise was fulfilled. With the job market tight, the promise has lost its credibility, and so has higher education.

Is the financial quid pro quo the only—indeed, should it be the principal—return to be expected from a higher education? Though it is reasonable to hope that more education will open more doors to successful careers (and it still does in relative terms, even when the job selections shrink), it seems a perversion of education to treat the entire enterprise like just another stock-market investment. (It may, incidentally, be pertinent to point out that stock investments also at times have a way of not paying off.)

To forget the vital relationship between education and the body politic is to ignore the foundation of a self-governing nation—at least as perceived by the Founding Fathers. Jefferson equated an "aristocracy of talent" with the very survival of democracy. There is no contradiction in being a college-educated worker or farmer. It was, after all, literally an American invention, and a revolutionary one at the time, to demand, as did the land-grant act of 1862, that the new colleges provide their graduates with training in mechanical and agricultural skills *as well as* in the liberal arts.

Today's union mechanics, moreover, get a high return for their labors and thus have infinitely greater use for the personal benefits of a general education—or could have, if the society encouraged it. I vividly recall, on a visit to Israel,

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Allen Green

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being guided by a man who, as a member of his kibbutz, was a professional tractor driver; but his afterwork interest was the study of Shakespeare, and he was no worse for it as a tractor driver, and undoubtedly happier as a man.

What went wrong in Germany and Italy, and more recently in India, was not the result of an excess of higher education. The problem was rather a rigidity of social values and academic protocol that demanded that college graduates be used only in the narrow, high-prestige slots for which they had been prepared—or be condemned to humiliating uselessness, accompanied by loss of face and status. It would be tragic if the same rigidity were to be introduced into American society, particularly at a time when economic as well as political conditions demand the opposite.

A year ago, President Ford warned the graduating class at Ohio State University: "Your professors tell you that education unlocks creative genius and imagination, and that you must develop your human potential. And students have accepted this. But then Catch 22 enters the picture. You spend four years in school, graduate, go into the job market, and are told that the rules have changed . . . you are overqualified. . . ."

Overqualified for what? If higher education does unlock creativity (even without the hyperbole of "genius") and imagination, and if it does develop a youth's potential, should it suddenly be considered superfluous because the rules of the job market have changed?

This is not to say that education should ignore or that it ever really has ignored the marketplace. When there are fewer prospects for teachers, the number of those who train for the profession tends to decline. Marginal candidates stay away, thus perhaps improving the future quality of teaching. Ditto for, say, engineers and medieval scholars.

Moreover, the free-market economy of the human-manpower pool manipulates the quality controls tightened or relaxed by the colleges and universities. The 1950s, with their huge expansion of education at all levels and the attendant scarcity of teachers, forced a gradual loosening of those controls. The 1960s brought with them the wild ideological revolt against all qualitative hurdles and barriers. Tests and grades came to be viewed as the instruments of elitist devils. The grade inflation caused virtually open admission to the dean's list. Flunking out became nearly impossible.

Now the law of supply and demand is once again at work reversing that trend. Today's students—the immediate successors to the inventors of pass/fail grades as substitutes for the odious A to F value judgments—compete madly for grades. Regrettable? Perhaps. Yet it is simply an inevitable consequence of a temporary readjustment, suggesting that fears of overeducating great numbers may prove exaggerated. As standards stiffen, some nonstudent students will turn away from college. Because there was a highly visible need for them, the production of PhDs expanded from 9,400 in 1959 to 26,000 in 1969; under conditions of lesser need (and diminished financial returns), the academic assembly line will probably slow down.

It would be a serious mistake for the higher-education community—and it is precisely the road on which it is currently embarked—to turn away from general education and overstress vocationalism instead. The rationale, which seems so obviously self-defeating, appears to be that, because jobs are at a premium, the colleges must concentrate on preparing their students to compete for the shrunken number of jobs. The real Catch 22—quite different from President Ford's perception—is that to train great numbers for nonexisting jobs can only have the effect of further devaluing a college education. When jobs are plentiful, there is little harm in vocationalism; when jobs are scarce and the job market fluctuates, the payoff is in maximum adaptability and the capacity to apply broad knowledge in certain areas —say, mathematics, statistics, economics, critical analysis— to a greater variety of potential fields of employment.

The way to use people properly in higher education is decidedly *not* to keep as many as possible out of college on the vague theory that, as graduates, they won't be needed. Who knows? Who can tell today what talents will be dispensable tomorrow? Put an end to the grade inflation, by all means. Demand talent, effort, dedication. But avoid like the plague any policies that restrict access to higher education as a way of manipulating the manpower supply.

Speaking at the Georgetown University commencement in May of this year, Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., president of Michigan State University, said: "When we reduce the argument over the value of higher education to its basic elements we may well find that we really are talking about manipulation of people. Shorn of its sugarcoating, most of the debate means deciding who should and should not attend college, the courses they should study, the majors they should select, and the job slots they should fill after graduation. . . . It is a danger we must avoid at all costs."

The danger should be obvious to anyone who understands what makes a society open or closed. The improper use of people in higher education is to predetermine their course for reasons other than their personal capacities and aspirations; the proper use is to enable each, according to his or her talents and inclinations, to grow and blossom.

WHAT then? What if there are no jobs, no satisfactory outlets for those developed talents? The answer to these questions should come from the nation's political and economic leaders. They must determine what the country needs and how it can use the capacities of highly educated young people.

It is hard to believe that the United States has exhausted its agenda for progress. The cities are decaying. The railroads are in disarray. The rivers and the air need to be cleansed. Our political and civic institutions, our courts and our schools, require massive infusions of integrity and efficiency. *The New York Times* reported recently that American farming is falling behind technologically and scientifically. The delivery of health services cries out for instant improvement. Deep divisions between races and nationality groups need to be closed. New sources of energy must be found. And beyond all these unfilled needs at home looms the desperate call to prevent starvation on much of the globe and to avert the horror of nuclear war.

Even such a sketchy list of what remains to be done should lay to rest the foolish new myth that America no longer has room for educated youths, for college graduates, for PhDs. The question is whether the nation's intellectual and political leadership will recover the ingenuity and will to harness the American people for action and to dispel the astonishing idea that the only proper use of "overeducated" human beings is to put them in mothballs. ◉



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# Is Unemployment "Desirable"?

by Vernon E. Jordan, Jr.

AMID all the statistics indicating that the recession is over and recovery is under way, there is the disturbing reality that unemployment is still well above historic rates. What's more, joblessness seems here to stay.

Almost 7 million people are officially counted as unemployed.That's over 7 percent of the labor force, and even the most optimistic forecasts assume that the 4 percent unemployment rates of the 1960s are unattainable.

In fact, a massive campaign is under way, designed to convince people that abnormally high levels of joblessness might be *desirable* in order to avoid inflation.

But this ploy overlooks the fact that the law of employment-induced inflation has been repealed. Last year we had runaway inflation *and* double-digit unemployment. Inflation must not be controlled by putting all of the burden on working people, most especially on those who are relegated to the margins of the labor force because of color, sex, geography, or lack of education.

The real threat to our society is our increasingly casual acceptance of human misery. High unemployment deals a blow to national prosperity. It means less consumption and therefore less production, lower tax revenues and fewer public services, and an ultimate harvest of bitterness and frustration that could tear apart our tenuous social fabric.

Lost among the statistics is the fact that joblessness is an affliction reaching far beyond the alarming numbers issued monthly from Washington. Unemployment is defined very narrowly, and the federal statistics don't include about 5 million persons who have given up hope of finding a job. In addition to these "discouraged workers," there are more than 3 million part-time workers who want full-time work but can't get it.

Thus, the official figures are "laundered," and involuntary unemployment actually is double the generally accepted rate. And this actual rate doesn't include the more than 2 million people who work for below-poverty-level wages.

So when economists talk of a "target" of 4 percent unemployment, the reality is that 8 percent of those willing and able to work will be jobless. And since rates among blacks are double those for whites, conventional measures of full employment will leave blacks deep in economic depression.

There is the further danger that a whole generation of black youth is growing into adulthood without access to jobs, training, or skills. Back in 1950, more than two-thirds of young black males were in the labor force; today less than half are. Up to two-thirds of black youngsters are jobless, and a similar situation prevails among other minorities.

I believe that every person willing and able to work should have the right to a decent job at a decent wage.

This is a proposition that has been gaining strength over the past few years, especially as millions of hardworking Americans discover firsthand that joblessness is caused not by laziness but by the malfunctioning of an economy that lurches uncertainly from boom to bust and back again, often leaving the most devoted believers in the work ethic subject to long periods of unemployment.

A national full-employment policy will require some readjustment in our traditional methods of dealing with economic problems. Beyond granting incentives to the private sector, underwriting training and job-matching costs, and employing millions of public-service workers to fill national needs, the government will have to become involved in planning and resource-allocation decisions.

Such a turn from tradition would not, as some charge, spell the death of the free enterprise system. Rather, it would be the essential first step in saving it.

FULL employment may not come cheap, but neither does full unemployment. This year some $40 billion in taxes will go into unemployment benefits and welfare—bare survival mechanisms that serve only to keep people alive. It makes more sense to put those resources into efforts to create jobs and have people earning and spending, thus creating more jobs. Is the goal of our economy to create opportunities and encourage independence, or is it to create a large pool of marginal workers one step removed from abject misery, in order to drive wages down?

It has been estimated that the nation will have to create 72,000 new jobs every week for the next decade just to absorb new entrants into the labor force, find new jobs for those displaced by automation, and bring the unemployment rate down to the still-unacceptable level of 4 percent. That's double the number of jobs created in the previous decade.

Creating those jobs will take a massive national effort that includes making jobs the top national priority for public- and private-sector leadership. The charge that this initiative will mean too much government spending is wrong; it will mean increased federal *investment.*

Proof of the wisdom of such investment can be seen in the Urban League's Labor Education Advancement Program, which utilized some $22 million in government funds to counsel, train, and find jobs for minorities in the construction trades. Some 16,000 people, some of them on welfare and on the streets, found jobs through our efforts, but the big winner was the federal government.

Since 1967 those people have earned more than $380 million in salaries and paid about $90 million in taxes, or over four times the government's total investment in the program. Last year alone, taxes paid by the program's participants totaled $31 million, or $9 million *more* than the government's investment in the whole program.

The implications of this are myriad, but three stand out: first, so-called social spending is actually investment that is quickly recouped; second, people stigmatized as unemployable are capable of acquiring the skills to hold productive craft jobs; and, finally, the vast unused human and productive resources of our nation can be harnessed to provide opportunities and prosperity for all.

Clearly, then, we should guarantee to all our citizens the vital prerequisite of meaningful freedom—the right to decent jobs and to economic security. What better way to celebrate our Bicentennial and to enter the promised land of a third century of national life? ◉

*Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., is executive director of the National Urban League.*



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Allen Green

# Last Hired, First Fired

## On today's job-market treadmill, women appear to be losing, not gaining, ground

by Bella S. Abzug

WOMEN have come a country mile, no doubt about it, since the days —not so long ago—when the job world was an all-male preserve. Nowadays women are walking police beats, running giant computers, and even booting home racehorses. But the sad truth is that women are still by no means equals in the job market—they may well, in fact, be losing ground!

Granted, the situation is not *all* bad. During the past twenty-five years the number of working women in the United States has nearly doubled. The 33.4 million women who work constitute nearly 40 percent of our work force; in 1950 only 20 percent of the force were women.

Not only are more women working, many are working at better jobs. The number of women professional and technical workers had almost doubled from 2.6 million in 1960 to 5 million by 1974. And women are increasingly entering fields in which they were traditionally not allowed to tread. One woman in six now plans a career in business, engineering, law, or medicine, nearly a 300 percent increase over 1966, when fewer than 6 percent of women planned careers in such male-dominated fields. Clearly, women workers are increasingly becoming essential and skilled members of the American work force.

Nevertheless, women still have a very long way to go before they attain either equal employment opportunities or equal pay. And the current recession has even caused women to lose some of the gains they had won in a balmier economy. It's the old, sad story of women being the last to be hired and the first to be fired. For example, New York City's fiscal crisis has caused one-third of its women municipal workers to lose their jobs, including more than 60 percent of the city's 618 women police officers, most of whom had been hired since 1973. That was the first year the police department, under pressure from the federal government, began hiring women in any numbers.

But the problem isn't limited to New York City. Throughout the country, unemployment and underemployment are dramatically higher for women than for men. Despite a recent decrease in the unemployment rate, unemployment for white men is still 5.7 percent (a depressing statistic in itself), but it is 7.3 percent for white women and more than 13 percent for minority women. Not included in these official figures are the unemployed domestic workers, part-time workers, and women who have been discouraged from actively looking for work. A recent study showed that one out of every six mothers of preschool children would look for a job if free day care were available.

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*Bella S. Abzug (Dem.) is serving her third term in the House of Representatives. She is the only New York City member of the House Public Works Committee and is also chairwoman of the Government Operations Subcommittee on government information and individual rights.*



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Despite the widespread impression that American women have just about achieved equal status, the earnings gap between men and women has actually widened over the past twenty years. Women holding full-time jobs average a salary of $6,800 a year, 43 percent less than the $11,800 earned by men; whereas twenty years ago, women earned 36 percent less than men. Incredibly, women college graduates earn less than men who have not finished high school.

And despite the publicity given to the occasional woman oceanographer or auto mechanic, women are still fairly concentrated in the traditional fields of clerical and service work. In fact, the proportion of women clerical workers has increased from 30 percent to 35 percent since the late 1950s. Although the number of women professionals has grown significantly, the growth has been mainly in the low-status areas of noncollege teaching and nursing, where women have always predominated.

One sometimes hears the argument that higher unemployment and lower wages for women are not really serious problems because women work only because they want to. Nothing could be further from the truth. Women work because they need the money, because they have to support themselves, because they are heads of households, or because their husbands do not make enough money to cover expenses and meet high prices. Women, as well as men, have compelling economic reasons for working. They need and deserve well-paying and meaningful jobs.

OBVIOUSLY, a great deal has to be accomplished before we reach this goal. First of all, we must realize that a reordering of the economy to provide full and equal employment for women—and for men—will benefit our entire society. Every time we reduce unemployment by 1 percent, we pick up $16 billion in tax revenues and saved unemployment compensation and other benefits. And by employing all the women who want to work at jobs that utilize their full potential, we will be making use of valuable talent presently going to waste.

One essential step toward full and equal employment is more legislation and more effective implementation of the legislation we already have. I have been working for both goals. I am supporting the Hawkins-Humphrey Full Employment Bill, which could open up more jobs for women, especially if it is amended, as I have suggested, to eliminate priorities that serve to discriminate against women.

In May, 1976, "Flexitime" legislation I had originally authored, allowing federal employees flexible working schedules and particularly benefiting women with children, won passage on the House floor. Throughout my time in Congress, I have successfully attached amendments to bills prohibiting sex discrimination in federally funded programs. And I was an original sponsor of the Equal Rights Amendment, which has now been ratified by thirty-four of the thirty-eight states required to make it part of the U.S. Constitution.

I am presently sponsoring a Middle-Aged and Older American Employment Bill, which would provide federal funds for recruitment, retraining, job placement, counseling, and education of the millions of unemployed men and women over the age of forty.

If and when women do achieve equal employment and equal pay, America will be a far better place in which to live—for men and children as well as for women. Lack of work is now contributing to the rising incidence of crime, alcoholism, drug addiction, depression, and mental illness. We could look forward to a decrease in all of these conditions which pollute the quality of life.

FULL-EMPLOYMENT guarantees for women who seek jobs but can't find them and greater availability of quality day-care centers would also help women with young children get off public-assistance rolls and break the pattern of three-generations-on-welfare.

But even modest child-care legislation has been vetoed by President Ford, and in New York City, which has the most extensive publicly funded day-care program in the country, orders are out to begin to dismantle the system.

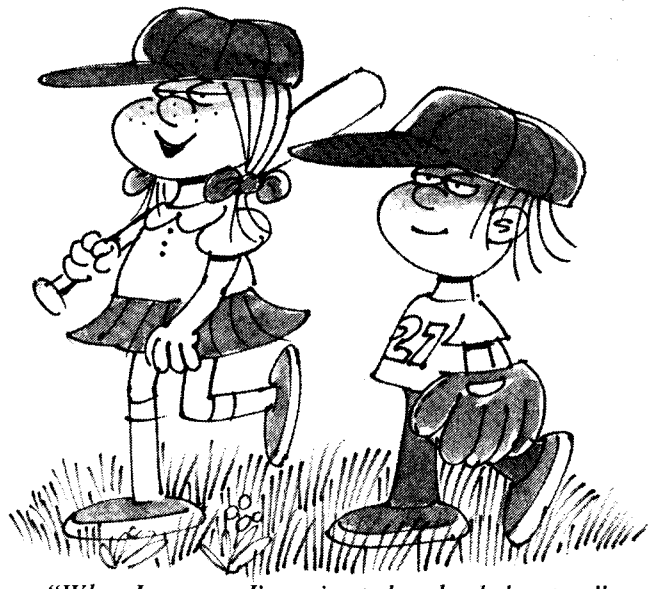
I think of a recent meeting I arranged at New York's City Hall with Mayor Beame and leaders of the Ad Hoc Coalition to Save the Children, a group set up to dissuade fiscal-minded city officials from shutting down forty-nine day-care centers and family-care and after-school programs.

One after the other, we presented the mayor with facts and figures to prove that the city's plan was a false economy and that money could be saved by alternative methods without driving children out of centers and mothers out of jobs.

But, as always, it was a working mother who put it best. A tired-looking black woman arose, clutching a handful of fliers from separate rallies that had been held to protest the shutdown of then tuition-free City University of New York and the day-care centers.

"I was on welfare," she told the mayor, "and everyone told me I had to raise myself up. I went back to school, I got my children into day care, and I even got a job at the day-care center. Now you've taken away my college, you've taken away my kids' day-care center, you've taken away my job."

For that woman and hundreds of thousands of others, full employment is not a slogan. It's a passport to dignity and hope. ◉



*"When I grow up I'm going to be a bachelor, too."*



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# Why 65?
# The Case Against Mandatory Retirement

by Paul Woodring

EACH day of the year more than 4,000 Americans reach the age of sixty-five. On that day they are not discernibly older, either physically or mentally, than they were the day before, and most of them still think of themselves as "middle-aged." But in the literature of sociologists they have moved abruptly into a new category—"the aged." Henceforth they will be treated as "old" by both employers and governmental bureaucracies. They have entered into what one writer calls "statutory senility."

Merely by having a birthday they have suddenly lost one of their most important legal protections—the "age discrimination" law, which protects workers between forty and sixty-five. Because Congress has decided that it is legitimate for employers to discriminate against employees *over* sixty-five, they can now be discharged without a hearing regardless of their health, vigor, intelligence, or alertness. It is not called "firing"—we prefer the euphemism "mandatory retirement"—but the result is the same: denial of the right to continue working at the job one knows best. And while earlier periods of unemployment were temporary, this one is permanent. The man or woman who reaches the age of sixty-five in good health suddenly realizes that he faces perhaps twenty years of unemployment—a period as long as infancy, childhood, and adolescence combined. And however much he may enjoy leisure and may have looked forward to vacations during his working years, he knows that this vacation is going to be much too long.

There are, to be sure, some compensations. Those who will meekly agree not to seek further employment become eligible for Social Security, and some receive other pensions as well. Those over sixty-five enjoy some minor tax advantages, and a few cities make the patronizing gesture of offering free rides on buses to those who show their Medicare cards. But, for many, these "old-age benefits" are poor recompense for the loss of the right to be useful and productive members of society.

Like most people, I never gave much thought to all this when I was younger. I just assumed that all people over sixty-five were eager to retire and wanted nothing more than the right to go fishing 365 days a year. But when I found myself approaching sixty-five—without feeling particularly "aged" and while still enjoying my work—I began wondering who had decided that everyone became "old" at this fixed chronological age. I began asking who had decided that sixty-five is the proper age for forced retirement. By whose authority was the decision made? Were the people most directly affected consulted? Was the decision based on sound psychological, sociological, biological, or medical evidence that people over sixty-five must be placed in a separate category because they are no longer able to work? Was appropriate attention given to the widespread evidence of individual differences in the rate of aging?

It was not easy to find the answers, but during two years of investigation I have made some interesting discoveries:

- The decision to base retirement on a fixed chronological age, applicable to a wide variety of jobs, both physical and intellectual, is of recent origin, dating back no further than the passage of the Social Security Act of 1935. Before that time many employers had no fixed age for retirement, and such requirements as did exist varied in different kinds of work.
- The choice of age sixty-five was made by a small group of youthful New Deal brain trusters who had been assigned the task of drafting a bill to be presented to Congress.
- The decision was made at a time when 25 percent of the labor force was unemployed, and hence it was desirable to remove older workers from competition for jobs.
- Those who made the decision gave no attention to the available evidence of differential aging or to the differing requirements of various occupations. Professor Douglas Brown, now of Princeton, who was one of the group that made the decision, says in retrospect, "I can remember no suggestion of another age."
- At the time the age was selected it was assumed that the new pension plan to be called "Social Security" would apply primarily to *industrial* workers—not to those whose work was mental rather than physical. Teachers, for example, did not become eligible for Social Security until 1950; for other professions it was even later.
- The people most immediately affected were not consulted: no effort was made to find out whether people wanted to retire at sixty-five, nor, it appears, were there any congressional hearings at which the choice of age sixty-five was discussed and debated.
- The congressmen and senators who voted for the act were unaware of its social implications. William Mitchell, retired U.S. commissioner of Social Security, says, "It is questionable that many congressmen voting for a compulsory system of social insurance gave much thought to the

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Allen Green

giant step they were taking toward institutionalizing retirement. This legislation influenced a profound change in the public attitude toward the retired."

Whatever the intention of Congress may have been, the Social Security Act had the effect of establishing age sixty-five in the minds of employers and the general public as the one at which workers *ought* to retire. And when the program later was extended to cover teachers and other professionals, it gradually came to be a part of the conventional wisdom that they, too, should be forced to retire at sixty-five.

Retirement as we know it is found only in urbanized, industrialized societies that are under bureaucratic control. In earlier times an aging farmer might do less of the heavy work, but he continued to do his chores and to help with the harvesting while his wife continued to cook and sew, spin and weave. An older carpenter or mason might let his apprentice lift the rafters and carry the bricks, but he continued to supervise and to do the work that required knowledge and experience. Complete withdrawal from the work force was rare.

Industrialization, with its bondage to the clock, made it inconvenient to make the adjustment of hours appropriate for older workers. The assembly line made it difficult to provide work for those whose pace had slowed or who needed rest periods during the day. But prior to the Depression of the thirties, retirement, even of industrial workers, usually was on the basis of inability to perform on the job rather than on the basis of age alone.

Employers have supported mandatory retirement, and its extension to intellectual as well as to manual workers, for reasons of administrative convenience. When age alone is the basis for retirement, it is unnecessary for the employer to judge quality of work, and a uniform retirement age makes it easier for clerks and accountants to compute retirement benefits.

Middle-aged executives, bureaucrats, and salaried professionals favor mandatory retirement for reasons related to their own advancement. Younger workers—if they think about it at all—favor mandatory retirement at sixty-five because, when one is young, it is difficult to believe that anyone so old can be competent or would want to work. Here the generation gap is not between adolescents and their parents—it is between the middle-aged and those over sixty-five, for it is clear that one's view of retirement changes as the time for it approaches. A Harris Poll revealed that while younger people think an even lower retirement age would be desirable, some 86 percent of those past sixty-five respond affirmatively to the statement "Nobody should be forced to retire because of age if he wants to continue working and still is able to do a good job."

THE case against *mandatory* retirement on the basis of age rests upon the facts of differential aging, the differing effects of aging on various vocational skills, the waste of talent when men and women who still can do their work well are forced to disengage from the work they can do best, and the issue of human rights.

Although there is a considerable body of scientific data on the subject, one does not need such evidence to know that people do not suddenly become "aged" at sixty-five. They age gradually over a lifetime, some much more rapidly than others. It is a common observation that some individuals are "older," both physically and mentally, at sixty than others at seventy or eighty. There is also a growing body of evidence that those engaged in intellectual work age less rapidly than those whose activities are less stimulating. Consequently, those who engage in intellectual pursuits are able to carry on their work far beyond the age appropriate for the retirement of those engaged in physical labor. Retire-



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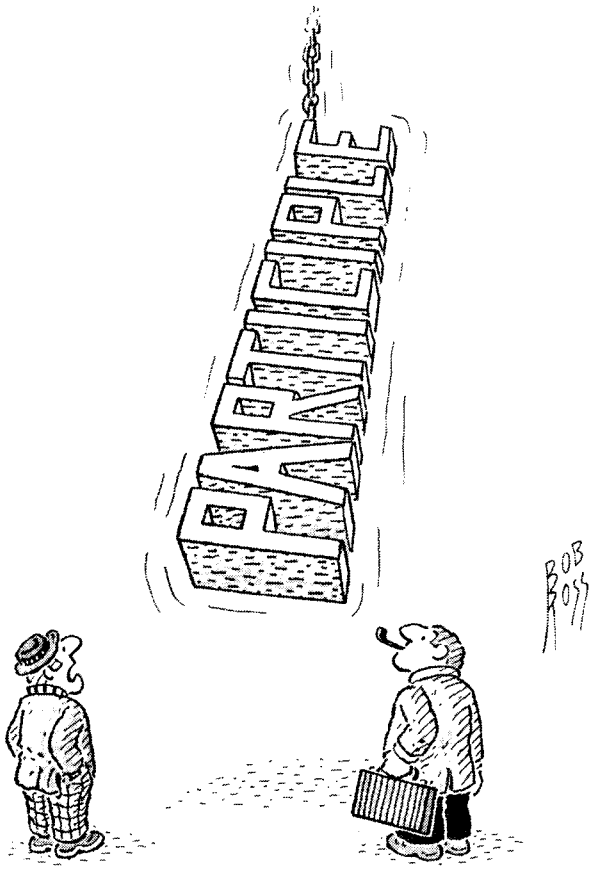
ment rules based on the Social Security age make no allowance for these differences.

Dr. K. Warner Schaie, who has directed a considerable amount of research at the Gerontology Center of the University of Southern California, says, "The data about stability of intellectual performance certainly argue for a reexamination of mandatory retirement policies . . . age is a totally inappropriate criterion for determining whether or not performance is adequate for a given vocational skill." There is also a growing body of evidence that the assumption that intelligence declines sharply with age is largely false, based on a fallacious comparison of test scores of older people with limited schooling with a younger generation with much more schooling. As a better-educated group moves into the older-age bracket, the differences will decline. Schaie says, "If we had to select a chronologically meaningful retirement age [today] it would have to be at least a decade later than would have made sense twenty years ago."

There is also evidence that forced retirement accelerates the aging process. The American Medical Association's Committee on Aging reports that there is ample clinical evidence that physical and emotional problems can be brought on or made worse by denial of employment opportunities. It charges that setting a chronological age for retirement inflicts enforced idleness, which it characterizes as a "disease- or disability-producing condition that is no less devastating than cancer, tuberculosis, or heart disease."

Mandatory retirement results in an enormous waste of human talent. A 1974 Harris Poll revealed that nearly 40 percent of the 20 million Americans now retired would prefer to be actively engaged in work that would allow them to contribute to the mainstream of American society. Thus some 8 million individuals who could continue to be productive members of society are forced by present retirement rules to be nonproductive. As the number of older people grows while the working-age population declines because of the present low birthrate, the demand for increases in Social Security and other pensions will place a heavy burden on younger workers.




*"You're right, Michael. It is a dangling participle."*

Finally, forced retirement, when based on a criterion that ignores the individual's ability to do the required work, is an arbitrary denial of human rights without due process, which appears to be in violation of the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Local courts in several states have so ruled, and soon the issue will come before the U.S. Supreme Court. If the courts fail to act, the legislative bodies may do so. Present law prohibits age discrimination in employment for those under sixty-five, and proposals now before Congress and the legislatures of New York, California, and other states would remove the upper-age barrier.

REGARDLESS of new laws or court decisions, the best solution would be widespread acceptance of a more flexible policy that would provide for gradual instead of complete and abrupt retirement. Most people over sixty-five, as well as many of fifty-five or sixty, would be happy to accept a reduced income in exchange for shorter hours, a lighter work load, and longer vacations—if it could be done without the loss of status and personal identity that results from complete disengagement from the work force.

Although a policy of phased retirement would cause some initial inconvenience to employers, there is ample precedent for it in other countries where it works well. Such a policy does much to reduce the severity of "retirement shock"—a psychological trauma well known to millions of older men and women even though younger people are unaware of its existence. It would contribute to the physical and mental health of the older generation while making better use of the special talents that come with maturity.

In an affluent society, *voluntary* retirement, with adequate pensions, is socially desirable and economically feasible. But *mandatory* retirement, when based on age alone, is unjust, unnecessary, and wasteful of human talent. It is a system designed by the young, for the convenience of the young, and imposed on older people without regard to their rights or their wishes. It will take time for the American people to become aware of this injustice, just as it took time for us to become aware of injustices imposed on women, blacks, and other groups. But it seems safe to say that before the end of this century a better-informed electorate will look back on 1976 and wonder how it was ever considered just and fair to discriminate against other workers.

Since 1935 our nation has made substantial progress in providing assistance to men and women who are no longer able to work because of age, illness, or physical disability. But during these same years people over sixty-five who are willing and able to work have faced steadily growing job discrimination. As their numbers increase, as more and more men and women reach sixty-five with their health, vigor, and job skills unimpaired, they will no longer remain silent, and their voices will be heard. ◉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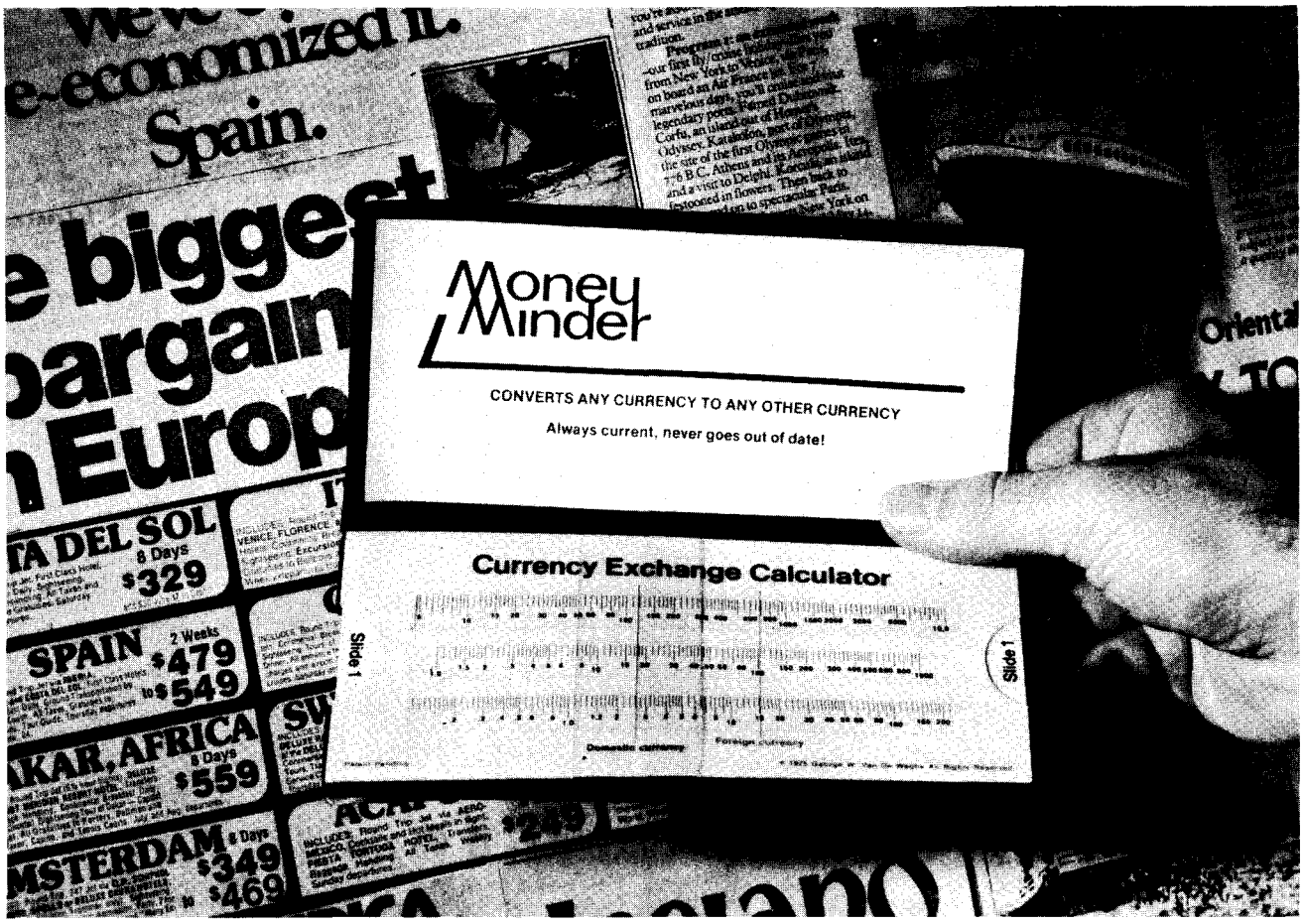


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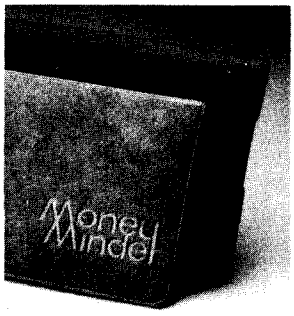


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# "The Company Tells Me I'm Old"

**Soon to be "put out to pasture," the author contemplates the virtues of stamp collecting, woodworking, and chasing the blue jays**

by James A. McCracken

I WAS a young man, once. Now I'm not. Now I'm an old man. Leastwise, the company I work for tells me I'm old. I'm almost sixty-five. In a couple of months they're going to retire me. Put me out to pasture.

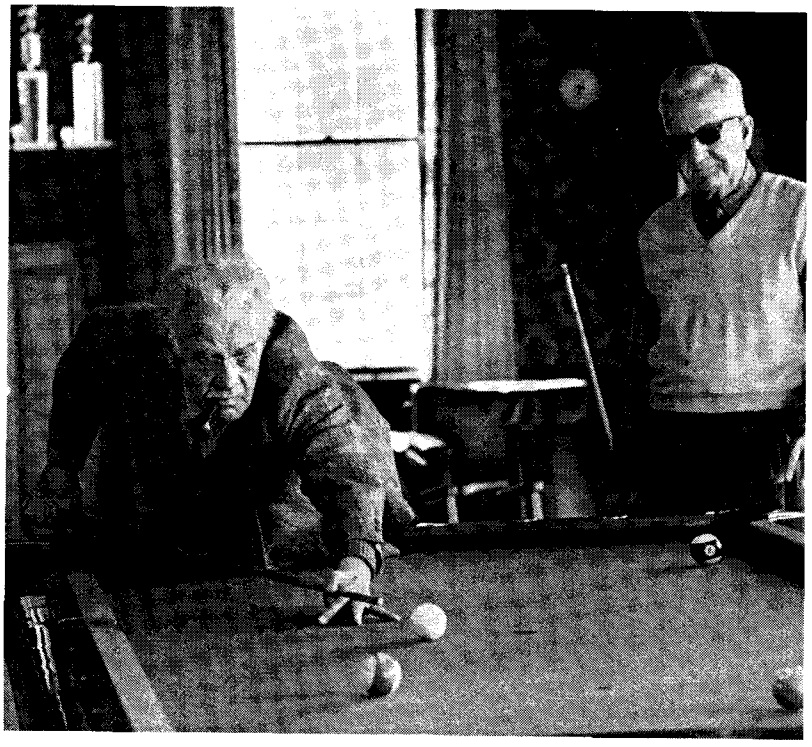
What's old? Folks sixty-five don't think sixty-five's old. It's the young people who think sixty-five's creaking age. Once I thought anybody sixty-five was ready for the grim reaper. Now? Well, now I'm hoping I've got a few years left, anyway. I find that life doesn't become less precious as you get older. I keep jumping out of the way of cars just as keenly as I did twenty, thirty years ago. And when lightning's flashing around in the sky, I don't go outside looking at it, thinking, *Well, if it hits me, it hits.*

There was a time, a long time ago, when I used to watch my old man when he was sixty-five or so. He'd sit in his chair just thinking about getting up. He'd run his hands up the arms of the chair a little way, brace, and push. And he'd stand up. Well, he was up. He'd stand for a moment, put his hands on the back of his hips. He'd still be bent over a little bit. But then he'd straighten up and be off about his business. Maybe his business was going to the bathroom or into the kitchen to ask my mother what was for supper. My old man had a belly. And jowls. They hung down from his cheeks like his face was made of soft wax that was beginning to melt and run down.

I can remember. Maybe I'd be sitting in a chair, too. I'd watch my old man get himself started. Then I'd get up. Quick. No creaks or grunts. I was young. I had a young man's body. My hair was dark and thick. Plenty of it. I tried to picture myself old, like my old man. No way. I wasn't *ever* going to look like that. No soft belly for me. I was good-looking. I knew I'd always be good-looking. Even when I was old. No wrinkles. No soft white wax running down to my collar. Maybe my hair would turn white. But I wouldn't go bald. I wouldn't sag. I wouldn't groan when I sat down. Or when I got up. I'd do it quick. Sit down. Get up.

I always thought it was my old man's fault for getting old. He could have run a mile or two every day. He could have lifted weights or played tennis or worked out at a gym.

I look back now. My old man's gone, of course. And in a sense I'm him. I wake up in the morning. I lie there. Well,



Allen Green

I haven't got a headache. My toes work. My fingers move. So I didn't have a stroke or nothing during the night. Friend of mine, my age, he woke up one morning. Felt same as usual. Only his left leg didn't work. He didn't know it didn't work. He didn't find out until he got out of bed. Left leg didn't work. Left arm didn't work, either. He wondered, *What the hell.* Tried to call his wife. Mouth didn't work. Well, in the hospital they told him he'd had a stroke. Right there in bed. While he was sleeping. It just crept up on him.

Now I get up from a chair like my old man did. And then I stand there. Got a little crick in my back. Just a little one. So. There's some grass to cut. And I ought to fix that venetian blind. My wife's been after me for two weeks to fix it. Aw, I've been cutting grass and fixing things all my life, it seems. Something's always got to be fixed or moved or trimmed or hauled. That's what keeps you young, they say. That doesn't keep you young. Always doing things. That gets you old. I stand and think about things like that. My wife's in the kitchen, clattering around. I hear the pots and pans banging. I go

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*James A. McCracken was a* Reader's Digest *editor for twenty-six years. His book,* Innocents at Sea, *will be published this September by Reader's Digest Press and in condensed form in the August* Reader's Digest.


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in. "What's for supper?" I say. Just like my old man used to.

Now, though, I'm going to get retired. It's like I've been in a corral, fenced in with all the other working horses. Along comes a man and he slips a halter over my head. He takes ahold of the halter and he leads me out of the corral toward a long white fence. I've seen that fence many a time. I've glanced over there at a couple of old horses off there in the pasture. They move slow. They raise their heads slow, then lower them and go back to grazing. Old horses. Old folks' home. A condo in Florida, maybe St. Petersburg. Sit on a green bench in the sunshine. So the man leads me over to the white fence. He opens the gate and pats me on the rump. "It's green pastures for you, old fella." he says. He takes the halter off, walks back to the gate. Closes it. And there I am.

That's what my company says. They hold a little party. Not much. I'm not a big shot. All the younger ones, they say, "Boy, are you lucky. No more getting up early to rush to work. Play golf, work at hobbies. Don't do nothing if you don't want to." They laugh and clap me on the back. They sort of look at me. Yeah. It would be nice to have some time off, all right. But they sure wouldn't want to be old. What can you do when you're old? Striving's gone, ambition's gone. Competition's gone. Challenge's gone. This old man here, his road's all downhill now. Down and out.

So I'm a Golden Ager now. The golden years, they say. Maybe they mistake rust for gold. The hinges get rusty. The bones creak, but there isn't any oil that's going to fix them. Do I mind? Well, it'd be nice to move around quick again. It'd be nice to shed this fat and these jowls. And grow a little more hair. I don't much like being bald. I got a few hairs left on top. So I massage them and comb them around a little bit. There aren't many, but they're all I got. And do I hate to sort of creak and groan a little? Well, I guess so. But you know something? As long as my joints creak, they're still moving. It's when they stop that I'll have me some problems.

I been reading some about how you should prepare for old age. For retirement. Prepare for the golden years. Develop hobbies. Take up woodworking or arts and crafts. Get yourself a little corner of the house where you can set yourself up a shop and do something. Well, what? I collected postage stamps when I was a kid. I collected them for about six months.

I didn't have enough money to buy an album, so I kept the stamps in an old shoe box. Well, one day I was home from school, sick. My old man was at work and my mother had to go down the street to buy some groceries. I didn't have anything to do but be sick, so I was looking at my stamps. They weren't doing any good lying around in the shoe box. I wanted to display them. We had a big sort of picture window. I got busy and mixed up some paste—flour-and-water paste. My mother was proud of that picture window. It looked out on a little garden she kept. I figured I'd pretty things up even more.

I guess I had three, maybe four hundred stamps. I pasted up the back of every one of those stamps one at a time, and one at a time, I stuck them onto that picture window. It was some sight. You couldn't see anything but postage stamps. I got the whole job done before my mother came home. I knew it would surprise her, but I didn't know it would surprise her so much.

I rushed off to bed and was lying there, sick, when she came home. Downstairs. I was upstairs. I could hear her humming around the kitchen while she put things away. The window was in the parlor (we didn't call them living rooms in those days). I heard her walking from the kitchen into the hall. First the footsteps stopped. Then the humming. There was silence. I was chuckling and laughing to myself, lying there in bed.

Suddenly there was a scream, then a sort of yelp. Then my name came up. *"James!"* (I was usually "Jimmy" around the place, but when somebody became angry, I became *"James!")* *"James!"* my mother hollered. I stopped laughing and giggling. She wasn't happy with what I had done? Where she got the hairbrush so fast I'll never know, but she did. First she got it, then I got it.

I spent the next month scraping stamps and paste off that window. I never collected stamps again.

I tried woodworking. I bought a long pine board and cut it down to about four foot long. Foot or fourteen inches wide. I shaped it by planing and sanding. It was going to be a nice table for before the fireplace. And I made legs. I had me quite a time fitting them into the board, but I finally did it. Then I sanded everything until I thought I had a pretty nice table. Then I stained it. And I varnished it. Then I set it up. And you know what? The legs weren't even. I thought I'd got them even, but I hadn't. So I sawed a mite off one leg. It still wobbled. I guess I'd sawed a mite too much. I sawed another one off a touch. That didn't do it, either. That table was about a foot and a half high when I started. I got her down to about six inches, and she *still* wasn't even. Well, she got to look sort of funny. This table, about four foot long, a little over a foot wide. And six inches high. And still not even. My wife snickered a good bit about it. I was half mad and the other half determined. But sometimes I could see that it did look sort of odd. Finally those legs got down to little nubbins. Like about an inch and a half high. She just barely cleared the carpet. *And she still wobbled.*

We ended up with a nice big fire in the fireplace one night. The stain and the varnish sort of smelled up the house for a while. But I got that table down to even. When she was all burned out and down to ashes, I spread them out on the hearth. Spread them out all nice and smooth. Now she lay level. She didn't wobble anymore. I never tried woodworking anymore, either.

So now I been sort of practicing up for retirement. I sit around the house on weekends, pretending I'm retired. What'll I do this morning? Well, now. There's grass to be cut. Hell, there's *always* grass to be cut. Something new is what I want. A project. My wife says, "Well, then, how about washing the windows?" I've *washed* those windows. My wife's washed those windows. That glass started out years ago being about a quarter of an inch thick. It's been washed so many times, one more washing and you're likely to be washing air. No more glass.

One Wednesday morning we had a hard snowstorm. I couldn't get to work. Maybe twenty years ago I could have. But back then I was racing. I was competing. But I'm not now. The race is run. I didn't win. I didn't lose, either. Just came out sort of even, I guess. Anyhow, toward noon the snow began to melt, and my wife, she says, "How about taking me shopping? I got shopping to do." That'd be a project. She's always telling me about seeing other old fellows down to the supermarket with their wives. So we got into the car,



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spun the wheels around for a while, and drove down to the village. We got a cart and went shopping. I looked around. Because of the snowstorm, there weren't many people in the store. Just some old wives and their old men. I looked at the old men. Not so old. Maybe like me. The old men, they generally shoved the cart around while their wives studied the shelves. They'd pick up a can of soup, study the label, and either put the can back or put it in the cart. The old men, they'd follow their wives with their eyes. They'd stand and stare. Like tired old horses. Their eyes sort of looked blank. Like there wasn't much going on inside. The wheels had almost stopped turning.

We wheeled around a corner. My wife was going to attack a new aisle. I looked over to one side. There was an old man with his cart. But he was bent way over the handle. He was standing on the ground but his head was darn near in the food. I looked at him and I thought, *Thank God I'm not him*. That old man—he wasn't much older than me—he had arthritis of the back so bad he was bent double. That shopping trip hadn't been much up to that point, but now it was important. It made me mighty thankful. I might be pretty old but I could still stand up straight. The old man swiveled his head out of the food. His eye caught mine. I sort of shook my head in sympathy. You sure got a bad break, friend, I seemed to say. All of a sudden he got embarrassed. And he straightened up! He straightened right up. As straight as I was standing. You know something? There wasn't a thing wrong with him. He was just so bored and fed up he couldn't think of anything else to do but lean over something. That's what that old man was doing. I got hold of my wife and we finished up that shopping trip in a hurry, checked out, and I haven't been back shopping since.

So what am I going to do in retirement? Well, like I said, the Golden Age advisers, they say plan ahead. I'm not going to do woodworking, that's for sure. And I won't collect stamps. I can cut grass. Maybe I could cut fancy patterns and designs in it. Just for something to do. The neighbors might not like it, the front lawn looking sort of funny with pictures and things sculpted in it. I don't know yet. I could polish and wax the car. I haven't done that much. The old bus could stand some cleaning. I could work on the engine. But if I did that, I'd sure fix it so she'd never run right again. I'm just not mechanical inclined.

Speaking of mechanical. Once a friend of mine thought he'd teach me how to do my own engine work. My wife and I didn't have much money and we sure had an old car. Always something busting in it. So, to begin, my friend took a carburetor apart. With me watching, of course. And he put it back together again. With me still watching every move. It was the carburetor out of my car. So I learned how to do that. He put the thing back in the car, hooked her up, and she ran perfect. I didn't want to lose my new talent, so the next Saturday, I took the carburetor apart myself. I had a little trouble, of course. That was only natural. But not too much. But then I started to put it back together. That was sure one bad mistake. I should have left it apart. I worked all Saturday morning and well into the afternoon. I'd get her together and have three parts left over. I'd take her down, put her together, and have five parts left. And not the same parts as the first time. I could have made *two* carburetors with all the things I had lying around. Finally, I sort of stuffed everything inside the case and shoved it all together. Something sort of gave. I left it all lying there on the bench and hustled to the telephone to call my friend.

His telephone rang. My friend's daughter answered. She was about eighteen. She was nice and sweet as she could be. "Mommy and Daddy," she said, "have gone away for a week's vacation." I started to cuss out my friend for abandoning me. The girl started to cry. I had to take that carburetor down to a garage on Monday morning for them to fix it. I had to *walk* down, about two miles, because the car sure couldn't run. A smart-aleck mechanic asked me what fool kid had been playing with the auto engine. I told him it was my wife. I missed a day's work and a day's pay. I had to bum a ride the next day while the mechanic came up to the house and put the carburetor back in the car. My wife missed shopping and a bridge game. Neither of us was speaking happy for a couple of days. And it cost me nine bucks! Mechanical inclined? Not me. I never let my friend touch the engine in my car again. I never touched it again, either.

You know how I look at planning for retirement? I look at it, forget it! I didn't plan my career when I was working my way through life. It just happened, and I went along with it. I figure, things come up. You got to cut the grass. It always grew while I was working. It's not going to stop now. Things bust. Maybe I can learn to fix them. Maybe not. I have to be careful about that, though. In retirement I'm sure not going to be able to afford a group of auto mechanics and plumbers and carpenters falling over each other fixing what I mess up. But I'll try. Like fixing a leaking faucet. Trouble is, my wife always could fix leaking faucets better than I could. Well, I'll watch her and sort of supervise. If it isn't right, I'll make her fix it over again. That'll kill some time.

**"Back then I was racing. I was competing. But I'm not now. The race is run. I didn't win. I didn't lose, either. Just came out sort of even, I guess."**

And blue jays! I'll chase blue jays. We got a bird feeder, and those big, blustery birds are always chasing the little ones away so they can glutton themselves on our sunflower seeds. And I'll throw rocks at the neighbor's dog. He always comes over onto our lawn to do his morning business. He does it while I'm at work. Now I'll be home. That dog's going to find some other lawn. Like his own, maybe.

My wife says she'll find things for me to do. She says she's *got* to. She says it sort of franticlike. She says if she doesn't—well, she's got a cousin in California she hasn't seen in years. She never did like that cousin, but she says maybe she's just misjudged her. She says she'll go visit her cousin for a couple of years. She'll get to like that cousin, maybe even learn to love her—that's what my wife says—even if it kills her. My wife's kidding, of course. She wouldn't do that. But if she does, she's got a surprise coming. I'm going with her. It's a man's place to protect his wife. Whether she needs protecting or not. ◉


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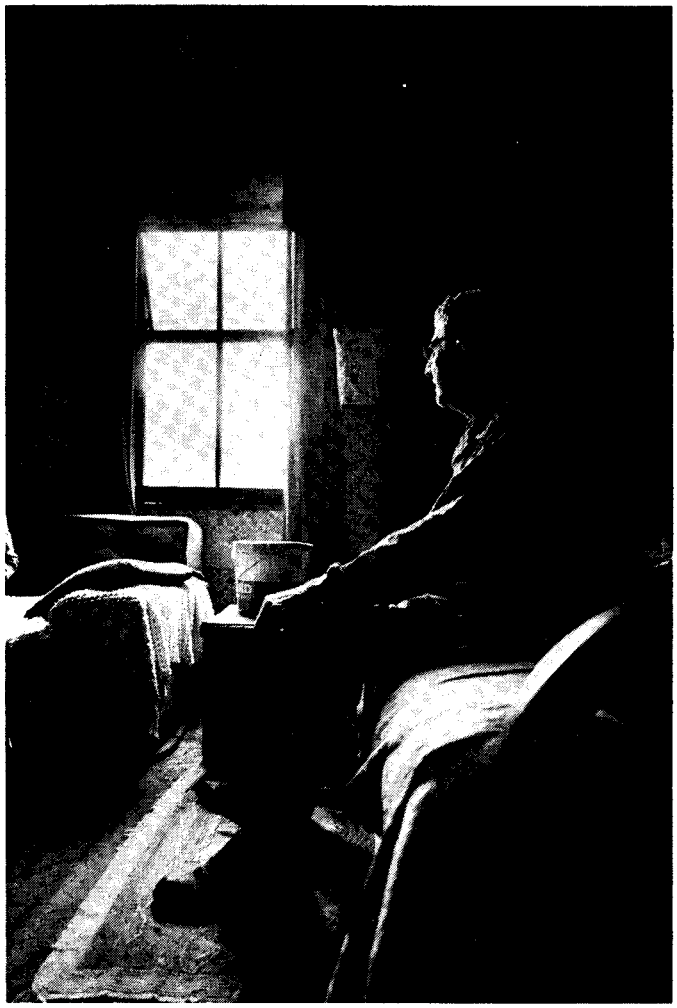
# The Willy Loman Complex

## "Retirement syndrome" blues can be fatal if you allow them to be

by Albert Rosenfeld



Michael D. Sullivan

JACOB JENSEN (a fictitious name, invented by his psychiatrist) was, by almost anyone's standards, a happy and successful man. He was the second-highest-paid executive in the company where he had started as a stock boy, right there in the same town, some thirty-seven years ago. He had a lovely wife, lovely children and grandchildren, plenty of money, and excellent health, and he was a respected figure in his community. Now, suddenly, as he approached sixty, his board chairman had given him a stark choice: early retirement or transfer to South America.

Jensen had never given a thought to retirement. There had always seemed plenty of time to get ready for that distant event. The quiet confrontation with the chairman of the board had so unnerved him, however, that he soon found himself in the office of Dr. Herbert Klemme, at the Menninger Foundation, for psychiatric counseling. Klemme, recognizing that Jensen was in serious emotional trouble, advised his employers that either of the alternatives they were proposing would be psychologically disastrous. The company relented and gave Jensen a lesser—though still important—job, and two years to prepare for retirement.

Even under these revised circumstances the patient got worse instead of better. Nine months later, writing Jensen's case history, Dr. Klemme summarized: "Mr. Jensen is . . . agitatedly seeking release from the pain he is experiencing. Because of the severity of his distress, I referred him to the very competent psychiatric facilities available in his local community. He is severely depressed and at this writing suicide is a definite possibility. . . . In my opinion he is also a prime candidate for a severe debilitating physical illness: stroke, acute coronary heart disease, cancer. . . ."

Do many people, in real life, commit suicide for such reasons—as the fictional Willy Loman did, under somewhat similar circumstances, in *Death of a Salesman*? Yes, they unfortunately do. A decade ago Dr. Sidney Cobb, of the University of Michigan (now at Brown), kept track, for two years, of 100 automobile workers who had been laid off from their jobs. Their suicide rate was thirty times the rate that would normally be expected. They were, moreover, afflicted with a considerably higher-than-average incidence of nearly all the major diseases. These were younger men than Jensen, and their unemployment was only temporary—though it may have seemed like forever to them, and the emotional effects were equally profound.

Case histories such as Jensen's are all too common.

But it should be emphasized that they are not *typical*. Nor are they as common as was once believed. Dr. Robert N. Butler, director of the new National Institute on Aging, says in his Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *Why Survive? Being Old in America*, "There is much mythology built into the notion of an emotional and physical condition known as the 'retirement syndrome,' characterized by anxiety and depression. People who retire do not automatically develop declining mental and physical health. What social-science studies we have indicate such generalizations to be a fallacy." An intensive study made in 1957—at McGill University by James S. Tyhurst, Lee Salk, and Miriam Kennedy—of several hundred pensioners of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada revealed that most retirees actually were able to make satisfactory adjustments. And, according to Dr. Bernice L. Neugarten, of the University of Chicago, writing fourteen years later, "Three-fourths of the persons questioned in a recent national sample reported that they were satisfied or very satisfied with their lives since retirement."

Many people, in fact, seem to become happier, even healthier, after retirement than before—especially those who didn't care all that much about their jobs anyway and who have other interests they had always wanted more time to pursue. A retiree often has more opportunity to take care of himself, to eat and exercise properly, to get enough rest, to enjoy play and leisure without guilt, and still derive much satisfaction from continuing to work fruitfully—though, preferably, not too competitively. Most



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long-lived people *do* continue to work at something; it can be physical, mental, or both. Some people find themselves working even harder after retirement than before. Their attitude toward what they do is all-important. Mark Twain used to insist that he never worked, only played. Challenged by friends who knew how many hours he spent writing, he would reply that writing was *not* work.

Even though the human organism does deteriorate with age, many people in their later years take up sports and other vigorous activities they never tried before, developing new skills, new muscular strength and physical endurance, new powers of coordination. Even sexual powers, though gradually diminishing, are still present and employable essentially throughout life. In many cultures, says Dr. Jean Houston, director of the Foundation for Mind Research, old age is *expected* to be the most satisfying stage of life—as with Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra: "Grow old along with me!/The best is yet to be,/The last of life, for which the first was made."

New powers of mind may also be developed late in life—the ability to concentrate, to meditate, to turn off unwanted thoughts, to expand awareness and consciousness. In our society, says Dr. Butler, "we rarely find anyone paying . . . attention to the growth of wisdom in the individual" with age. Though people are slower to learn as they age, their intellects are generally unimpaired, and they are perfectly capable of new learning of every variety. Many of the brain's cells do die as we age. Even so, it's a cliché that we never use more than a fraction of our potential brain power. Most people in our culture have been trained mainly to use the left side of the brain—the hemisphere that deals with rational thought, logic, verbal skills, and the kind of mathematics computers can do, too—while neglecting the right hemisphere, which governs visual, spatial, integrative, creative functions and the kind of information processing that no known computer can yet simulate. (See "Left-Brain, Right-Brain," by Roger W. Sperry, *SR*, August 9, 1975.) While some of the brain's capacities may atrophy through disuse or never be developed at all through lack of stimulation, what remains may still provide new abilities, new insights, new aesthetic appreciation. Pianist Artur Rubinstein is still playing brilliantly at eighty-nine—some critics believe with greater depth and sensitivity than ever. Grandma Moses didn't start painting until she was seventy-four, and gained increasing worldwide fame for her creative efforts until her death, at the age of 101.

It should not be surprising that, in the absence of any chronic organic disease, a positive outlook on life can have a positive effect on both our physical and mental functioning. Nor, in view of what we now know of the intimate interrelations between "mind" and "body," should it surprise us that the opposite is also true—that many retirees, like Jacob Jensen, do not successfully make the transition.

After studying long-lived people in a diversity of cultures, Dr. David Gutmann, of the University of Michigan, concluded that "active mastery . . . is the ego state most clearly associated with longevity." Not power over others—but a sense of being master of one's own life and circumstances. In another study of longevity, covering 2,000 subjects over a period of nineteen years, Dr. Robert Samp, of the University of Wisconsin Medical School, noted that an important ingredient was a continuing interest in the future.

When these two factors are missing, their opposites—helplessness and hopelessness—tend to take over. Thus the well-known "giving up" syndrome, with its serious physiological consequences. There exist many anthropological accounts of primitive tribes whose members go off and die simply because a powerful shaman has told them they will die, or because they have been cursed by a witch (Elspeth Huxley tells such a story of one of her father's Kikuyu garden boys in Kenya), or because they have learned, in the words of Dr. Jerome D. Frank, of Johns Hopkins, "that they have inadvertently broken a taboo," which causes "a state of panic and excitement leading to death in a few hours." There are also stories of American prisoners of war in Japan, Korea, and Vietnam who gave up in similar fashion. Dr. Barbara B. Brown, in *New Mind, New Body*, tells the story of a convict who was appearing before the parole board, which recommended his immediate release from prison:

> A moment after release was ordered, a court deputy read a summons from another state ordering the prisoner to be transferred to another prison to serve an additional ten years. As the order was read, the prisoner collapsed, dying. My friend, in the next building, arrived within minutes. Resuscitation procedures were instituted immediately, but it took all the resources of experienced medical treatment to recover the patient. There was no heart attack, no asthma attack, no cerebral stroke; there was, in fact, no physical reason that could be detected in thorough examination to account for the imminent death. The prisoner admitted that he could not face further imprisonment and had simply decided to die.

A classic experiment was done in 1957 by Dr. Curt Richter, of Johns Hopkins. A rat was thrown into a tank of warm water; it swam valiantly for sixty hours before succumbing to total exhaustion. Richter held a second rat in his hand; though it struggled mightily, it could not break his grip and finally stopped trying. At that point Richter dropped the rat into the water. It splashed halfheartedly, rather than swam, for a few minutes, then went down. In Richter's view, he had taught the rat held in his hand to be helpless. And it died, in the water, of sheer helplessness.

What happens, physiologically, to bring about such startling effects?

Back in prehistory, especially before our ancestors learned to fashion weapons, the human individual lived a life fraught with danger at every turn. In order to survive, he had to react instantly to any threat. There was no time to think about what the danger represented or to reason out his alternatives in dealing with it. As a rule, with an attack imminent from either an enemy or a wild beast, he had only two alternatives—to defend himself or to run away: the famous "fight or flight" situation. There had to be built-in biological systems that would alert and energize the body's resources to act with the necessary swiftness. We are the inheritors of the biological systems that still perform today much as they did then—though we can sel-


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dom fight or flee. Animals can often get rid of their frustrations by engaging in "displacement activity." A herring gull, for instance, if put in a threatening situation in which it can neither fight nor flee, will start pulling up grass with great energy. We may, of course, take out our frustrations on some innocent third party—but more usually we take them out on ourselves. If it happens frequently or continuously, the result can be any of a whole range of psychosomatic or psychogenic ailments, some of them serious and life-threatening.

Jacob Jensen, faced by his board chairman, probably reacted very much as one of his Pleistocene ancestors might have in the presence of a saber-toothed tiger. The alert signal went instantly from his cerebral cortex to his hypothalamus, the more primitive brain center that controls the autonomic nervous system—with its complex networks of sympathetic and parasympathetic nerves—which also encompasses the endocrine system with all its hormone-secreting glands. His pituitary triggered a whole series of hormone releases—especially the adrenal hormones—affecting almost every organ system in his body. Sugar and stored fats were mustered for the instant use of nerves and muscles. His blood pressure and pulse rate went up. His circulatory and respiratory systems were accelerated. Red blood cells multiplied to supply more oxygen to his cells and carry off the excess of carbon-dioxide wastes. In case of wounds from the expected attack, his healing apparatus and coagulatory chemistry would have to be mobilized. The digestive processes would come to a halt, being postponable in such an emergency. All this and more happened, quickly and spontaneously. Jensen probably tensed up and grew pale. His Pleistocene ancestors would probably have grimaced visibly, even growled. But civilized men in offices cannot behave in that manner.

**" 'Keep up your spirits,' advised Ben Franklin at eighty, 'and that will keep up your bodies.' "**

Another way of describing the fight-or-flight reaction would be to call it a stress reaction. We do not think of it as stress, however, if we discharge it immediately. Besides, as Montreal's Dr. Hans Selye, the world's leading authority on stress, has repeatedly emphasized, a certain amount of stress is necessary to life and health. When it keeps happening, however, and when we cannot cope with it adequately, that is when we *perceive* it as stress. And that is when it begins to do its physiological damage.

Jacob Jensen obviously perceived himself to be in a stressful situation—the permanent loss of his job—that he was helpless to cope with. It meant constantly elevated blood pressure, elevated cholesterol levels (another consequence of stress), a harder-working heart and lungs, overactive glands; in a word, his body was in an abnormal state of constant emergency from which he could find no relief.

In instances such as the sudden death of prisoners and primitive tribesmen, it's been theorized that the passive, giving-up-the-struggle mood activates a parasympathetic reaction—little understood—that slows down a number of body functions, including the heartbeat. That the heartbeat can be slowed to a lethal level can be demonstrated by Dr. Richter's autopsy on one of his drowned rats: the rat's heart was still full of blood that it couldn't pump out fast enough; it had probably suffered heart failure through helplessness, thus was dying anyway before it drowned.

We can begin to see now some of the ways in which mind and body are related and why attitude and mood can have such far-ranging physiological consequences, both positive and negative. "Keep up your spirits," advised Ben Franklin at eighty, "and that will keep up your bodies."

But spirits can be hard to keep up under some circumstances, particularly under the often anxious and troublesome conditions of retirement and aging. If the attitude and mood of older people have a lot to do with their state of health, those attitudes are frequently the result of negative attitudes toward *them* by the rest of society. It's well known that our self-esteem often depends on how we are perceived—or think we are—by others. Most older people are not so fortunate as Jacob Jensen—who had family, friends, money, and other kinds of support to fall back on. Many have only themselves, and very little money or outside support. Dr. Leo E. Hollister, of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Palo Alto, Calif., believes that "unrecognized depression may be a more important problem in old age than organic brain conditions. . . . Poverty, isolation, and some drugs used in treating physical conditions may impair the mental capacity of the aged. Such reversible impairment often is thought to be permanent senility."

Depression, like stress (depression *is*, of course, a form of stress), has a striking effect on brain chemistry. Indispensable to the proper functioning of brain and mind are the substances known as neurotransmitters—those chemicals (notably the catecholamines) that are responsible for transmitting electrical signals across the synaptic gap from one neuron to another. (See "It's Not All in Your Head," by Seymour S. Kety, *SR*, February 21, 1976.) Lowered levels of some of the catecholamines—such as serotonin and noradrenaline—can, in fact, *cause* depression biochemically. Dr. Jay Weiss, of Rockefeller University, has made a special study of the effects of lowered norepinephrine levels in rats. Stress does lower norepinephrine levels to the point where the animal then is simply not able to organize itself to act protectively in a threatening situation; the chemicals necessary to transmit the messages across the nerve synapses are just not there—at least not in sufficient quantities to do the job. The same kind of deprivation could be taking place in those afflicted with the retirement syndrome.

Dr. Frank writes in *Persuasion and Healing* of a northern Australian tribe known as the Murngin. Among the Murngin, "when the theft of a man's soul becomes general knowledge, he and his tribe collaborate in hastening his demise. Having lost his soul, he is already 'half dead.' " Other tribe members perform mourning ceremonies and make clear what they expect. The victim's efforts, under the circumstances, are not to live, but to die.

Before we put down the Murngin as "barbarians," we should look to ourselves. When we force a still-vigorous individual to retire, do we not, in a sense, steal his soul? The more fool he, of course, for permitting his employment to *become* his soul, to be so easily stolen. ◉



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# Despair on the Installment Plan

**Céline: A Biography**
*by Patrick McCarthy*
*Viking, 352 pp., $10*

Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE was surely one of the strangest and most fascinating of men, and he may also have been the greatest novelist to appear in France during the period between the two world wars. Henry Miller and at one time Sartre thought he was, and more recently Alain Robbe-Grillet, in discussing Céline's powerful influence on the *nouveau roman*, repeated the claim. Yet there have been relatively few attempts to engage his life and work at book length, and the studies that have been made so far tend more to reflect the idiosyncrasies of their subject than to illuminate the connections between Céline, the horrendously suffering man, and the savage art that his suffering drove him to produce.

Patrick McCarthy in this new biography has presented the most complete account yet available of Céline's life and career, while avoiding the more serious mistakes of his predecessors. He has not, for example, given way to the pretentiousness of Erika Ostrovsky, who, in *Voyeur Voyant* (1971), created a rather too coyly impressionistic portrait of Céline done evidently in parodic imitation of the literary manner of Céline. Nor has he been drawn into the politico-psychoanalytical debate that has raged around Céline for years and that flawed the perspective of Bettina L. Knapp's otherwise excellent study, *Céline: Man of Hate* (1974). Yet McCarthy is, if anything, too detached and surgical in his approach to be altogether authoritative. He is sane to the point of seeming insensitive in his treatment of the more sensational and lunatic aspects of Céline's personality, and he is able to bring himself to risk an act of judgment only in his role as literary interpreter, in which he is at his best, offering the most astute reading of Céline's style that has so far been done.

Yet the difficulties confronting any biographer of Céline are enormous and vastly complicated. Everything about Céline is blanketed in thick layers of ambiguity. By the time of his death, in 1961, it seemed humanly impossible to entertain an opinion about him that was not contradicted by another opinion one might with equal justice also entertain. McCarthy discusses several of the reasons why this has been true. He points out that much of the available information simply cannot be trusted and that few means exist by which its accuracy can be verified. The great majority of the people interviewed for the biography learned what they knew about Céline largely from Céline himself, and he had long been notorious for distorting or completely falsifying the details of his life, usually in order to wrench them into conformity with his paranoid image of himself as hounded, cheated, deprived, or otherwise martyred by the forces of cosmic malevolence, which, he was convinced, had selected him as their exclusive victim.

In his efforts to validate this image he did not hesitate, for example, to depart completely from what is known to have been true about the character of his parents and his childhood experiences, and he did this not only in his fiction, where it is taken for granted that lies make better reading than the truth, but in his statements to friends and interviewers. He repeatedly described his early homelife as an existence made hellish by poverty, filth, moral degradation, and the most violent parental discord, in which the helpless child, Céline (then Louis-Ferdinand-Auguste Destouches), was forced to endure unspeakable humiliation at the hands of a father who was brutish and vulgar, while the mother luxuriated masochistically in the torments engendered by his tyranny. Yet one can infer, from such facts as are known and the recollections of witnesses, that all this is complete and utterly dismal fabrication. One family friend has said that the senior Destouches (who, as vice-president of an insurance firm, could scarcely have been impoverished) was "a man of honor . . . jovial and very frank, a lover of fishing and sailing," and a devoted father. He and his wife are described as living happily together, "nice quiet people, ordinary and retiring." Madame Destouches seems to have borne no resemblance whatever to the image her son had of her. Anything but a pathetic victim, she was actually a businesswoman of considerable acumen and made quite a bit of money trading in expensive antique lace.

It is entirely possible, however, that for a man of Céline's compulsively infuriated temperament, the sins of his parents were precisely their bourgeois virtues. What he found most hateful about them was that they deprived him of the psychological advantages of a tragic childhood.

Yet the actual ambiguities of his personality and career are far more remarkable and puzzling than any arising out of

*Céline—His "vigorously kinetic art was the embodiment of his loathing."*

Pictorial Parade

*John W. Aldridge, professor of English at the University of Michigan, was awarded a Rockefeller Fellowship in the Humanities this year to write a study of the contemporary American novel in relation to the American literary tradition.*



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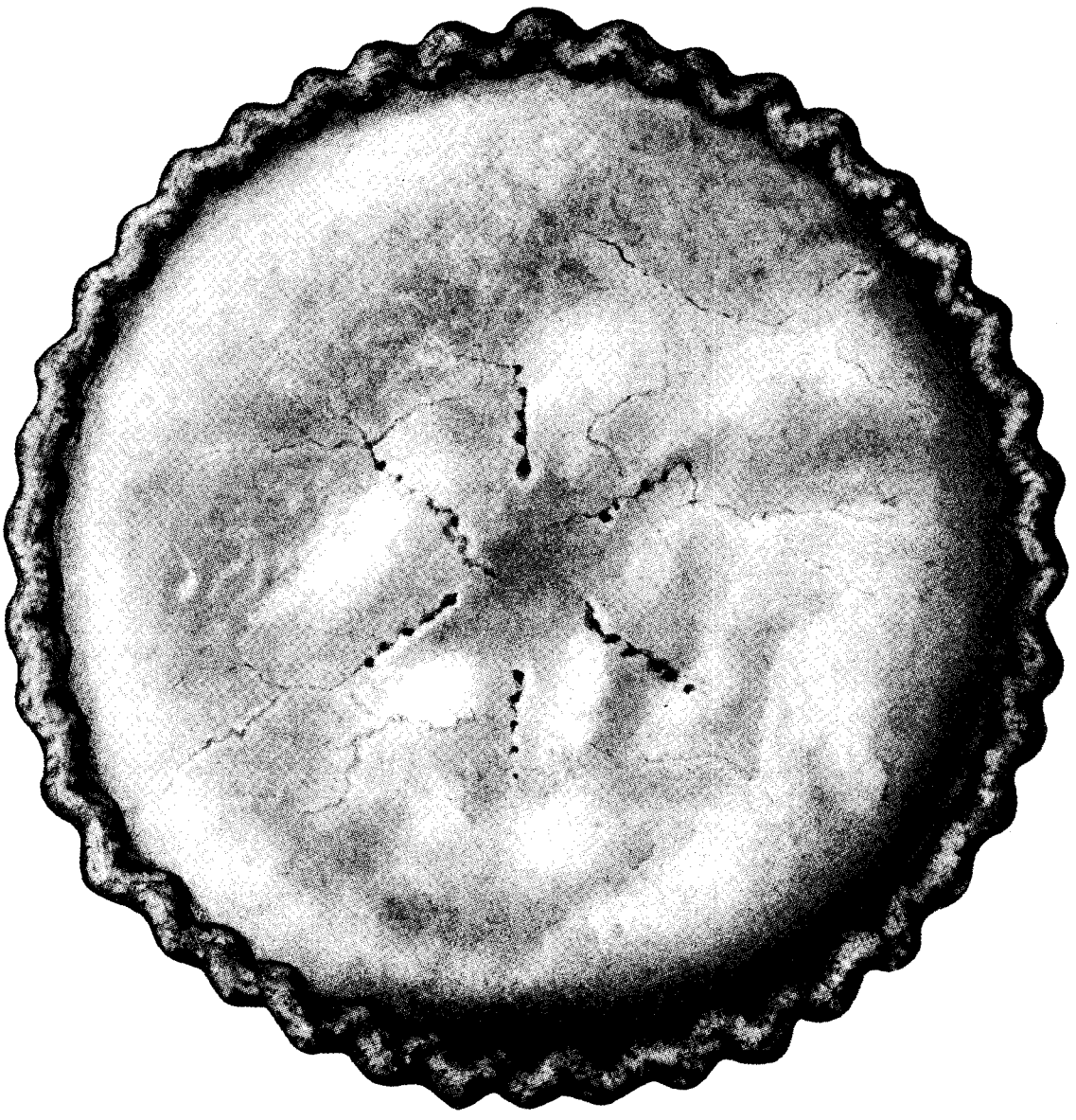

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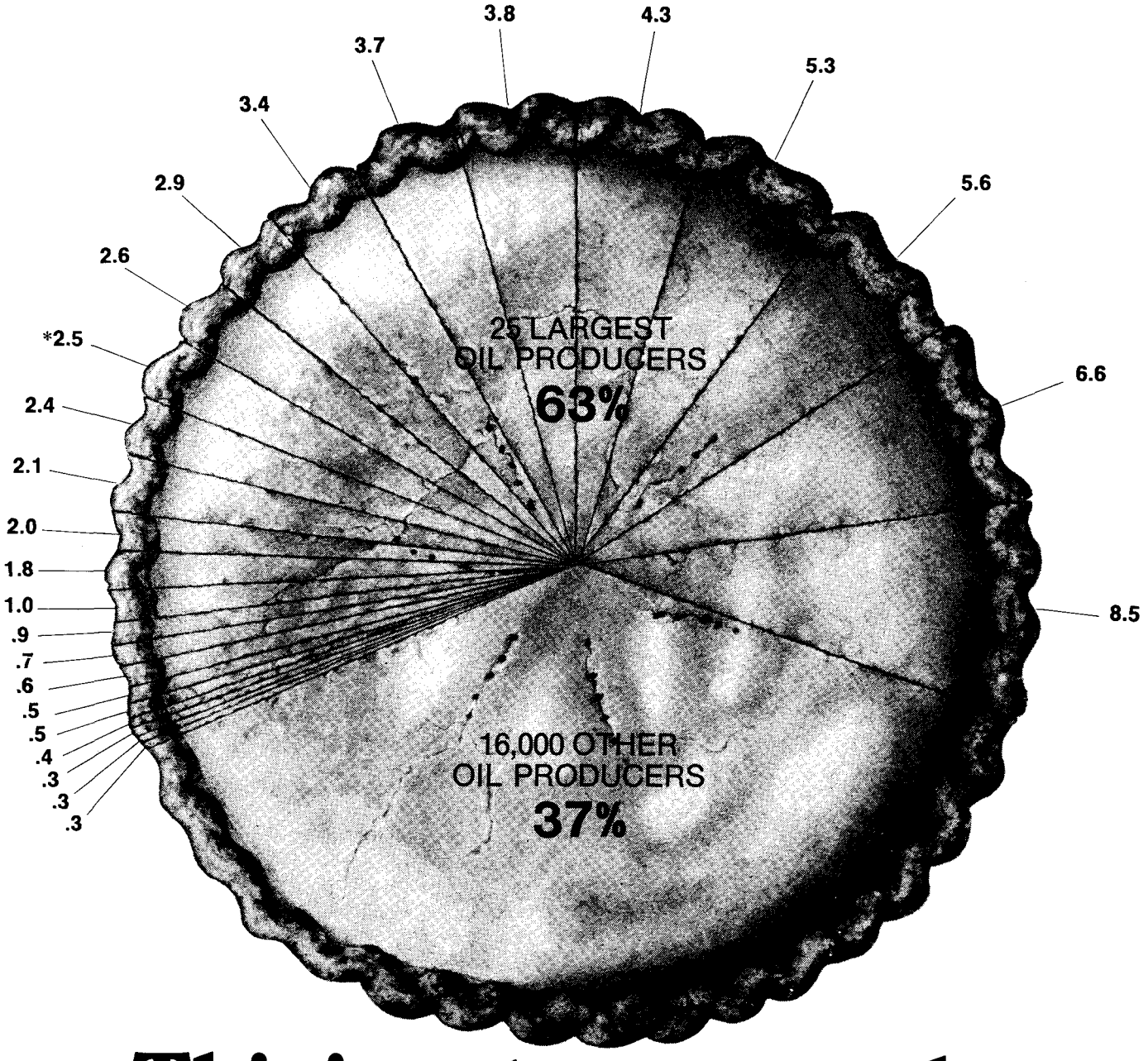


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**"Whereas Céline the physician displayed . . . the most kindly concern for human frailty and suffering, Céline the metaphysician-novelist projected . . . the bleakest and most nihilistic view of the human condition."**

Céline's penchant for fabrication. He had, for example, in addition to his highly productive literary life, an entirely separate existence as a practicing physician, in which role he is said to have been skilled, dedicated, and compassionately attentive to his patients, most of whom were drawn, by his choice, from the working class. His strongly humanitarian concerns were most dramatically expressed in his doctoral dissertation, which was devoted to Ignaz Philipp Semmelweis, the nineteenth-century Hungarian physician who was professionally crucified because he dared to insist that cleanliness in the operating room would reduce the extremely high incidence among obstetrical cases of puerperal fever, a disease not considered contagious at the time. Céline's treatment of Semmelweis is charged with anger at the bigotry responsible for his persecution; at the same time it contains overtones of the typically Célinesque infatuation with martyrdom.

But what is especially fascinating is that whereas Céline the physician displayed both here and in the conduct of his practice the most kindly concern for human frailty and suffering, Céline the metaphysician-novelist projected in almost everything he wrote the bleakest and most profoundly nihilistic view of the human condition to be found in modern literature. It is entirely possible that this view was exacerbated by his long exposure to the wretched deformities and ravagements suffered by his patients. But what the doctor sought with implicit hopefulness to cure or at least alleviate in the individual case, the writer saw in the general case to be incurable and, perhaps for just that reason, altogether loathsome.

Like so many literary intellectuals—among them Camus and Beckett—who by nature are fundamentally religious, Céline was a disillusioned absolutist who could not abide human imperfection or the prospect of existence in a universe without God, an existence ending necessarily in a meaningless death. The fear of death can become pathological in those who require some idea of transcendental order or design with which to justify life, and Céline in his fear saw no meaning in life beyond the fact that "man's habitual state is to be dying." The only human comfort is to be found in the self-deceiving cultivation of *divertissement*, some tranquilizing activity that allows a person to forget for a brief time his doomed condition. "You must choose," says Bardamu, Céline's first protagonist, "either dying or lying," and the efforts of human beings to lie their way out of their consciousness of pointless death is one of the central preoccupations of Céline's novels.

His personal hatred of lies was, in fact, so fanatical that he supposed that truth exists only in despair. If man was not a god, then he should be exposed as the fraudulent and disgusting creature he was, an insect worthy only of contempt. The hatred Céline felt so powerfully was of course self-hatred, and he dedicated himself as a writer to spreading a doctrine of hate which ensured that he would win the hatred of others.

When his first novel, *Journey to the End of the Night*, appeared in 1932, it caused a scandal fiercer, if considerably less ludicrous, than the furor created by the publication of *Madame Bovary* seventy-five years earlier. The more conservative critics found the novel obscene and morbidly iconoclastic. Yet there were others who responded with the sort of titillated admiration for the offensive in Céline that, particularly in France, helped to secure the reputations of Baudelaire, Beckett, Genet, and other beloved *provocateurs* of bourgeois masochism. Céline was also given support, as were these men, by the view that if a work is nasty and subversive enough, it must be art, and there is significance in the fact that at least a substantial portion of his reputation as a great writer is the result of the wide acceptance of this view, not only among his then more radical contemporaries but in certain literary circles at the present time. Céline managed, however, with his usual alertness to the danger of not being hated, to produce in his second novel, *Death on the Installment Plan*, a work of such sordidness and maniacal frenzy that even the most passionate champions of the ugly found themselves unable to bear the book, although that response seems in no way to have affected the opinion now so widely held that *Death on the Installment Plan* should be judged, along with its predecessor, as the most important fiction Céline produced.

Between 1937 and the first years of World War II Céline issued three polemical works—*Bagatelles for a Massacre*, *School for Cadavers*, and *Some State of Affairs*—which were so viciously inflammatory that they seemed guaranteed to bring him the wholesale punishment he craved. Best known for their fanatical anti-Semitism, these pamphlets also contained scarcely less virulent diatribes against the moral corruption, materialism, and indolence of the French, the effeminate weakness of the Allies, and the general rottenness of the modern world. All these ills, according to Céline, were creating a catastrophic condition in which Europe was drifting into a terrible war; a fictitious "Jewish conspiracy" was responsible for engineering a crusade against Nazi Germany that the Allies were certain to lose; and the only hope lay in the forming of a "Confederation of the Aryan States of Europe," in which the Allies and Germany would join forces to exterminate the Jewish "warmongers."

Such views served not at all surprisingly as excellent evidence in support of the charges of being a Nazi sympathizer and collaborator that were later brought against Céline. However, it must be remembered that politics for Céline was finally only a dialectical framework for the expression of his psychopathology. Behind his hatred of the Jews, for example, was the tangled ambivalence of his self-hatred and perverse lust for martyrdom. It is obvious that for him Jews were a particular threat because he at once identified with them and saw them as rivals for his claim to being God's chosen victim. They became his scapegoat, first, because he needed to project his self-hatred upon others and in so doing purge himself temporarily of his emotional poisons, and, second, because he was anxious to rid the world of his competition. He was also trying through the writing of the pamphlets to offend the reading public so grievously that he would be assured of having enough hostility to nourish his persecution mania for life.

In this endeavor he was almost, but not quite, successful. By 1944, and particularly after the Allied landings in Normandy, it became evident that Céline was one of those marked for trial as a collaborator and that he was very probably in some real danger of being executed out of hand by the French Resistance. Accordingly, in July of that year he fled Paris with his wife, Lucette; their cat, Bébert; and twenty trunks. He made his way to Berlin and later settled in Sigmaringen, a headquarters for refugee collaborators, which be-


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came the setting for some of the fiction he was to produce after the war. Eventually Céline received permission from the Nazis to move on to Denmark and made a phantasmagoric journey through the devastated Germany, arriving miraculously in Copenhagen after having changed trains twenty-seven times and having walked a total of eighteen miles with somewhat fewer, one can only suppose, than the original twenty trunks. In 1945, however, his luck ran out, and he was arrested and imprisoned by the Danish authorities, who acted on a warrant made out in France. As it turned out, he spent seventeen months in solitary confinement.

Patrick McCarthy documents very thoroughly the period from 1945 to 1951, which Céline spent in Danish exile. He devoted much of this time writing letters to people who might be willing to plead his cause in France, and he supported these appeals with strident but not very convincing public statements assuring the world that he had never been a collaborator. But the atmosphere in France had meanwhile grown steadily less vindictive. Influential people began to speak in Céline's behalf. At his trial, held in 1950, excerpts from one of his pamphlets were read aloud and provoked riotous laughter rather than indignation. In April, 1951, Céline was granted a full pardon, which allowed him at last to return to France.

He had been hated and hounded and made to suffer. Yet his position at the end was considerably less than triumphant. He had, in fact, been pardoned not merely because of his stature as a writer but because he was no longer taken seriously as a threat to either the national security or the bourgeois pieties. In the years that were left him after his return to France, he tried in his old manner to provoke and scandalize through his public pronouncement. But he was forced to live with what must have been for him an insupportable irony: no one could be provoked by him anymore. People who had been repulsed by his wartime pamphleteering were eager to forget him. Most, however, were simply indifferent and would perhaps have been surprised to learn he was still alive. So he was left with his writing and a public who may have continued to read him but who denied him the one consolation that might have brightened his old age—the assurance that he was everywhere despised.

Céline's importance as an artist will most probably continue to be debated for some years to come. But his reputation will surely increase among readers of En-


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glish as more of his postwar novels become available in translation and the stigma of his political views loses force as a deterrent to an aesthetic appreciation of his work. What can be said with most assurance at this time is that Céline is notable for having expressed in the angriest form conceivable that classic disgust with the human condition in all its aspects that has been the single most characteristic motif in modern literature. In the service of this disgust he produced a neurasthenic fiction—often more than half insane, surreal, and, toward the end of his career, increasingly mystical—which in its day was revolutionary and proved to be highly stimulating to writers of very diverse views and talents. There are many parallels between the metaphysical preoccupations of his early novels and those of Sartre's *Nausea*, which was dedicated to Céline, and Camus's *The Stranger*. Henry Miller was heavily influenced, in particular, by *Journey to the End of the Night* and *Death on the Installment Plan*, and the radical technical experimentation in the fiction of Beckett, Robbe-Grillet, and Michel Butor was undoubtedly encouraged by Céline's introduction into the novel of unconventional stylistic idioms and new modes of impressionistic and fantasy projection. Among other contemporary writers who have all evidently learned a good deal from him are Günter Grass and, in this country, William Burroughs, Thomas Pynchon, John Hawkes, and Joseph Heller.

McCarthy believes that in his stylistic inventiveness and originality Céline can be compared only with Joyce. Yet one cannot easily imagine two writers who are more dissimilar in every other respect. Joyce tried to create an art that would conform to his aesthetic ideal of stasis, that would arouse neither desire nor loathing, but would embody the subtle soul or epiphany of the experience portrayed. Céline produced a vigorously kinetic art that was the embodiment of *his* loathing. Joyce was at all times the master of his subject. Céline was the obsessive servant of his, and he had really only one subject—the hateful horror of existence. That subject locked him in as tightly as it locked out his humanity. If he had been blessed with Joyce's power of self-detachment, he might have found the freedom and the wisdom to see beyond his agony and to make that fundamental assent to life that an artist, with whatever skeptical reservations, must ultimately make before he can be considered qualified for elevation to greatness. ◉

# Books

# "A Terrible Beauty Is Born"

**The Damnable Question:**
**A Study of Anglo-Irish Relations**
*by George Dangerfield*
*Little, Brown, 400 pp., $14.95*

**The Troubles:**
**Ireland 1912–1922**
*by Ulick O'Connor*
*Bobbs-Merrill, 181 pp., $7.95*

**The Irish Triangle:**
**Conflict in Northern Ireland**
*by Roger H. Hull*
*Princeton University Press, 312 pp., $15*

Reviewed by William V. Shannon

TODAY, as it has been for nearly four centuries, Northern Ireland is the center of conflict between Protestant and Catholic, between English rule and Irish rebelliousness. The failure to resolve communal differences in the past has led to religious rancor, political stalemate, and—since 1969—a seemingly endless round of terrorism and reprisal.

In the sixteenth century, Ulster, to call northeastern Ireland by its historic name, was the stronghold of resistance, for the O'Neills and other powerful Catholic clans, to the English government of the first Queen Elizabeth. When they were crushed at the end of her reign, her successor, King James I, seized their lands and transplanted thousands of Presbyterian Scots there to assure Ulster's loyalty to Great Britain. The conflict between Protestant and Catholic in Ulster dates from that time.

When the rest of Ireland received its independence at the end of 1921, the city of Belfast and six surrounding northern counties decided not to join the newly created state because the Protestants feared that they would be submerged in the new, overwhelmingly Catholic parliament being established in Dublin. But the North did not remain—like Scotland or Wales—simply a part of Great Britain. It became a special autonomous state of its own, with a parliament that controlled civil affairs while foreign and military policy remained under London's authority.

For the Catholic minority in the north, this arrangement guaranteed the worst of both worlds. They were not allowed to join the rest of Ireland in independence, but neither did they enjoy the enlightened rule of the British government. Instead, they were left to the mercy of their parochial enemies, the northern Irish Protestants. The result was systematic second-class citizenship. Members of the Catholic minority were discriminated against in employment and in public housing. Although the Catholics had the right to vote, they had no effective voice in government, since the political parties divided on strict sectarian lines. Key agencies such as the police force were staffed overwhelmingly by Protestants. The position of the Catholics was comparable in certain important aspects to that of blacks in Mississippi a generation ago.

The current turmoil began in 1968 when a civil-rights protest, fashioned after the American model, degenerated into sectarian warfare. Unless the participants can resolve their differences at the negotiating table and learn to share power, there is a high risk that the bombings and retaliatory killings between Catholic and Protestant gangs may someday escalate into full-scale civil war.

How did the strife in Ireland become so compounded that war is now a distinct possibility? The origins of today's dilemma are to be found in the elaborate patterns of the past, which have been clearly delineated in the three books under review.

George Dangerfield has written the longest, most ambitious book. In *The Damnable Question* he traces the relationship between England and Ireland from the Act of Union of 1800—which united Great Britain and Ireland, its col-

*William V. Shannon is a member of the editorial board of* The New York Times.



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ony, and destroyed the brief life of the first Irish Parliament—down to the Anglo-Irish Treaty of December, 1921, which led, the following year, to the establishment of the Irish Free State in twenty-six of Ireland's thirty-two counties and to England's retention of control over the six counties of Northern Ireland. With consummate skill, Dangerfield traces the economic, political, and religious forces that shaped Irish history in the nineteenth century. He sketches the principal personalities involved, including Prime Minister William Gladstone; Charles Parnell, the leader of the Irish Home Rule movement in the 1880s; and his successor, John Redmond.

THOSE who have read Dangerfield's classic study of England before 1914, *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, or his analysis of the presidency of James Monroe, *The Era of Good Feelings*, which won the Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes, will be happy to encounter once again the author's balanced prose and felicitous turns of phrase. Thus, of the honorable, gifted, but ultimately ineffectual Redmond, who wanted to establish an autonomous Ireland within the British Empire, he writes: "He carried into the stiffest debates and imported into the sternest speeches something of the air of a man who, though his principles would never be compromised, might come to accept compromise as a principle. This was a dangerous lesson for an Irishman to learn; it was a lesson that the House of Commons was only too happy to teach."

Dangerfield devotes three-fourths of his book to the years 1913 to 1922, the time of the Irish Nationalist uprisings. He leads up to the climactic symbolic event of modern Irish history—the week-long "Rising" that began in Dublin on Easter Monday, 1916—and then traces out its consequences. The culmination was British withdrawal from the southern counties, which became the independent Republic of Ireland (Eire).

The Easter Rising was a political gesture, not a serious military enterprise. Its leaders, several of them poets and schoolteachers, realized that they alone could not throw off the power of the then mighty British Empire. Their objectives were to proclaim an Irish Republic, seize key strongholds in Dublin, and retain them long enough to capture the attention of the Irish and impress on their minds the idea of a republic. These objectives they brilliantly achieved—their accomplishment sealed with their own blood when the


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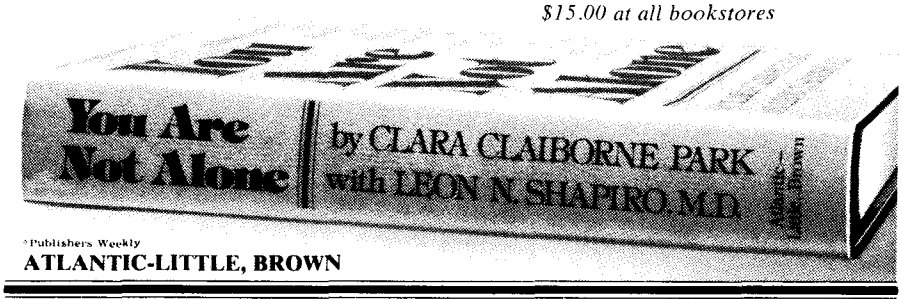


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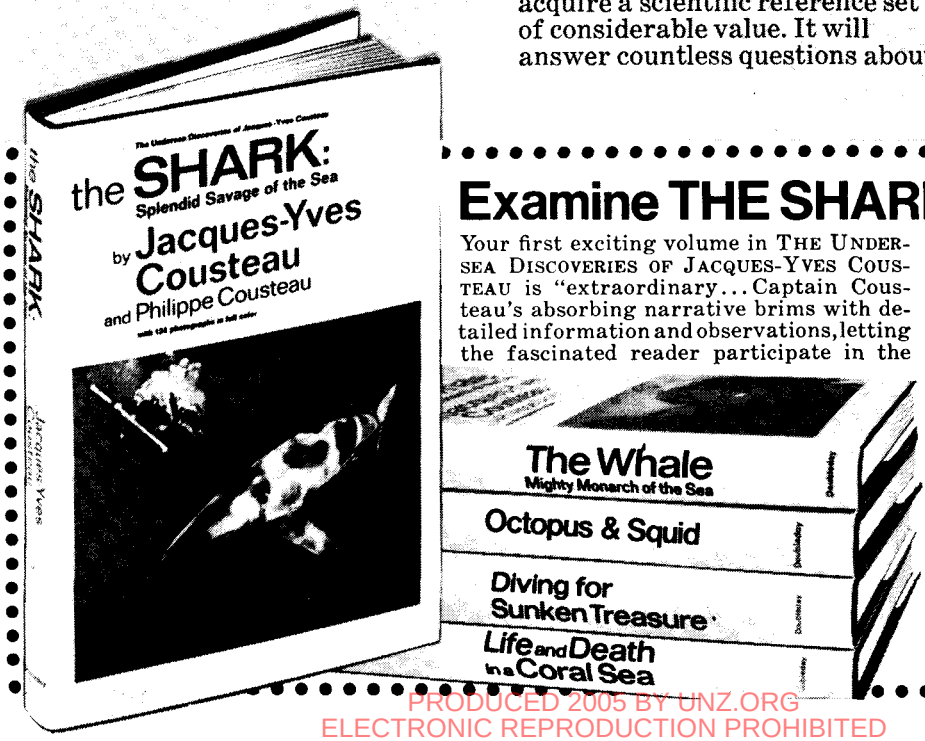


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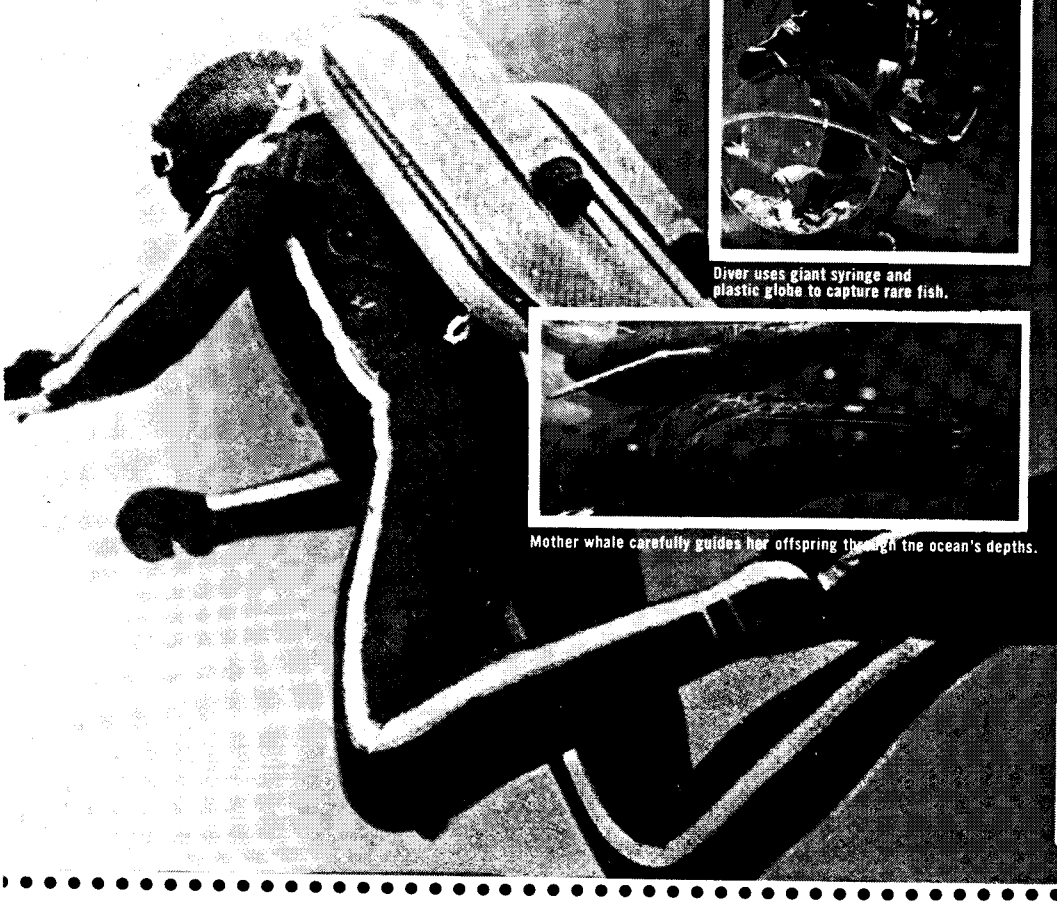



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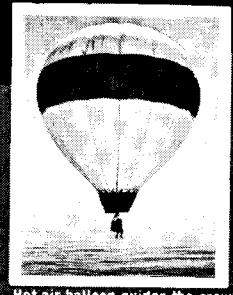

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## *PUBLISHERS' OFFERINGS*

**STRATEGIES FOR HUMAN SETTLEMENTS: HABITAT AND ENVIRONMENT. Ed. by Gwen Bell, 195 pages, $9.95, cloth; $3.95, paper. Univ. Press of Hawaii.** Includes essays by Buckminster Fuller and E. F. Schumacher.

**ENGLISH ART 1714–1800. Joseph Burke, $35.00, 120 illus., Oxford Univ. Press.** Using literary sources and writings of artists, Burke allows us to see the art of the period through the eyes of contemporaries.

**VITAMINS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By Joseph V. Levy and Paul Bach-y-Rita, M.D. $6.95. Liveright.** Two biomedical professionals sort out the confusion of conflicting claims and explain what vitamins can and cannot do.

**WEBSTER'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES, edited by Charles Van Doren, 1233 pages, $15.00. Merriam-Webster.** Over 3,000 biographies of people who have made contributions to the American experience—Hank Aaron to Vladimir Zworykin.

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**INTERVIEW WITH HISTORY. By Oriana Fallaci. $10.95. Liveright.** The Italian journalist's revealing portraits of power and dissent—includes such figures as Henry Kissinger, Golda Meir, and Yasir Arafat.

**RELIGION AND THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Ann and Barry Ulanov.** How joy, peace, understanding grow and flourish from the collaboration of religion and depth psychology. **$12. Westminster Press,** 920 Witherspoon Bldg., Phila., Pa.

**HOW TO BE PSYCHOLOGICALLY HEALTHY. By F. C. Thorne, 159 pp., $6. CPPC,** Box 315, Brandon, VT 05733. A practical guidebook written by an eminent psychiatrist for his patients.

**INNER COMPANIONS. By Colman McCarthy, 272 pp., $8.95. Acropolis,** 2400 17th St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20009. In this miniature Great Books *Washington Post* columnist McCarthy reflects on the lives of over 40 inspiring thinkers.

**RHODESIA: The Struggle for Freedom. Leonard Kapungu. 177 pp. $5.95. Orbis Books.** The story behind today's headlines by a black Rhodesian in political exile who unmasks the paternalistic injustices practiced by the white minority.

**PERSONA: Social Role and Personality by Helen Harris Perlman.** "The strength of this book lies in the perceptive and experienced mind behind it."—*Psychiatry Quarterly.* **U. of Chicago Press. $4.50 pa.**

British, understandably but unwisely, court-martialed and shot Padraic Pearse, James Connolly, and twelve other leaders.

Pearse was the pure romantic, the perfect young nationalist intellectual. In one of his speeches he spoke of "Ireland as we would have her, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely, but free as well." As Dangerfield observes, "He died for such an Ireland—bilingual and unpartitioned; and such an Ireland has still to appear."

Connolly, in contrast, was a self-educated labor organizer and Marxist theoretician who wanted Ireland to be free so that its working classes might, at last, come into their own. As Dangerfield writes, "His name is ritually honored in Irish labor circles today; the socialist Ireland, for which he died, has yet to appear."

But if posterity has yet to bring these men's dreams to fruition, their contemporaries had no difficulty in transforming martyrs of such stature into legendary heroes. Because William Butler Yeats and other writers of genius were then on the Irish scene, their deaths "became the occasion for great art." In Yeats's line, "A terrible beauty is born."

When the Easter Rising began, Ireland seemed politically torpid. An act granting home rule had passed parliament in 1914, but its effective date was postponed until the end of World War I; on the surface, most Irish were content to follow John Redmond and await the establishment of Ireland's own national assembly. The eruption of military action in Dublin caught the public by surprise.

But the bravery of the captured rebels, revered by the poets and ballad-makers, worked its way into the Irish imagination. For a deeply religious people, the timing of the rebellion at Easter was significant. The rebels had made a redemptive sacrifice; Ireland was to be resurrected. Within a year, survivors of the Rising, whether in British prisons or free, were winning every by-election. Redmond's Home Rule movement was supplemented and later superseded by the more radical Sinn Fein ("Ourselves Alone") movement, which pledged to use ballots first, but vowed to use bullets, if necessary, to win complete independence.

Dangerfield is excellent in describing the tortuous course of the diplomatic negotiations and political maneuvers—conducted over the next four years by the Sinn Fein leader, Eamon DeValera, and the British prime minister, Lloyd George—which, after intermittent military hostilities, finally led to Britain's peaceful withdrawal from most of Ireland.

Ulick O'Connor's *The Troubles* scants diplomatic and constitutional intricacies, but has strengths of its own. O'Connor, the author of a delightful biography of the Irish wit, politician, and man of letters, Oliver St. John Gogarty, *The Times I've Seen* (1963), is an Irishman himself and tells the story of Ireland's upheaval as if he were recounting it to friends in a Dublin living room. He is discursive, but his raids off the main road yield rewarding insights and information. He has known much of the Irish story since childhood, has interviewed over the years the elderly or now-dead who participated in events that took place sixty years ago, and has studied their memoirs and correspondence. His book is rich in anecdotes, and he marvelously recreates the emotional atmosphere and small details of the period.

Roger Hull's *The Irish Triangle* is quite different from the other two works. There is nothing bravura and very little that is literary here. But this young attorney has brought off an intellectual tour de force. In cool, lucid, lawyerlike fashion, he has set forth the major issues in Northern Ireland, stating each of them in turn as seen from three vantage points—Belfast, Dublin, and London. It is axiomatic that in a controversy one should try to understand opposing views and state them as fairly and carefully as possible before seeking to rebut them and present one's own. In reality, however, most controversialists, because of haste or passion, rarely honor that exacting standard. Hull does. Anyone interested in having a comprehensive yet reasonably concise statement of the Northern Ireland problem could not do better than this sensible, solidly documented work.

These three books, then, almost perfectly complement one another: Dangerfield's uncommonly well-told history, O'Connor's most personal and vivid rendering, and Hull's summing-up of where the successes and failures of the years 1916–22 leave us in Northern Ireland today. The first two authors make clear that the critical failure was of nerve. If Prime Minister Asquith had stood firm when confronted in 1913–14 with the obdurate resistance of the Protestant ruling class in Ulster, or if Redmond's Irish Party in the House of Commons had forced the government to stand firm, the resistance could have been faced down and the tragedy of partition avoided.

Once Ulster, one of the four historic provinces of Ireland, was subdivided—with three counties going with the rest



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*Kaiko Moti's original etching, "Oriental Owl", limited edition of 120.*

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Contemporary original prints will always be signed in pencil by the artist himself, to indicate personal supervision and approval of the individual print.

Original prints are always produced in limited editions, at the most several hundred copies. If thousands of copies are available, then the work is almost certainly *not* original. (In most cases, to assure that the integrity of their work is not violated, artists will destroy the plate after the edition has been produced.)

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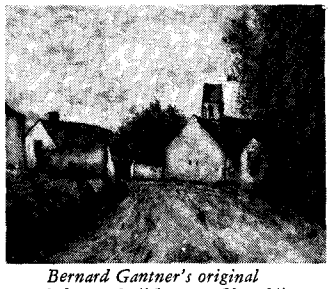

*Bernard Gantner's original lithograph, "Country Church", limited edition of 150.*

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*Andre Brasilier's original lithograph, "Yellow Morning", limited edition of 175*

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of the Irish nation and the other six constituted as the anomalous state of Northern Ireland—the Protestant minority became a majority in a one-party arrangement and was free to use economic coercion, police-backed intimidation, and the legal powers of government to perpetuate its privileged position. Such an arrangement, no matter how long it lasted, could not be sanctified by time. Unless drastically reformed, it could only produce the festering hatreds and religious bigotry that now torment this small corner of Ireland.

Dangerfield and O'Connor as historians do not address themselves to the present situation; Hull does. He makes two modest proposals. One is that the British government recognize that it cannot police the hit-and-run warfare between the two groups and also preside over a settlement. He urges that the problem be internationalized by replacing the British Army with a United Nations or a European Economic Community peacekeeping force. Second, he recommends the dismantling of the sectarian dual-school system to enable future Protestant and Catholic children to mingle and get to know one another. This will be no easier to accomplish than the reorganization of the racially based dual-school system in the American South, but it is equally necessary.

Americans, disillusioned by the Vietnam War and apprehensive about the crisis in the Middle East, are understandably reluctant to add Northern Ireland to their—and the world community's—list of common problems. As long as the government in London insists that the problem is an internal British one, Americans will be content to leave it so. Unfortunately, Hull is probably right in his belief that the conflict can never be solved under Britain's aegis because the British are not trusted well enough by both sides to achieve simultaneously both law-and-order and freedom-and-justice. Moreover, despite repeated denials from London, there remains the persistent possibility that Britain will weary of its Irish burden, withdraw its troops, and allow the doomsday scenario to begin. Internationalization of the Irish problem thus seems, sooner or later, to be inevitable.

But then again, maybe not. As J. P. Mahaffy, the great Irish wit and classicist, once observed, "In Ireland the inevitable never happens, but the unexpected often occurs." Since a reasonable peace settlement between Protestants and Catholics would now be quite unexpected, let us hope Mahaffy was right. ◉

# Books in Brief

**Chilly Scenes of Winter**
*by Ann Beattie*
*Doubleday, 288 pp., $7.95*

**Distortions**
*by Ann Beattie*
*Doubleday, 288 pp., $7.95*

If the non sequitur were an art form, then Ann Beattie, author of this novel and collection of short stories, would be its matron saint. "Matron" seems apt, whatever Beattie's age, and no matter that both books are firsts, since her style effectively girdles any youthful awkwardness, bulging hyperboles, and the passion that might redeem both.

Her taste for the non sequitur, with its lack of logical causation, lends itself to the creation of characters whose behavior is not conventionally or even recognizably motivated. Charles, the hero of *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, has a mother who strips naked as a jay at the drop of anyone's attention, leaves heating pads dangling about the house, and impulsively gulps fistfuls of laxatives. Charles seems as disconnected from his mother as she does from conventional reality. He also seems emotionally removed from, though certainly obsessed by, Laura, his ex-mistress, and Beattie seems equally alienated from them all.

The characters in both the novel and stories are fleshed out (or, rather, painted by number) in a collection of disjointed details, so that, although they are sometimes intriguingly eccentric, they lack an emotional core. Childhood histories, kinship patterns, recipes, and tastes in pop music do not necessarily add up to anyone we care about or remember.

Chapters and stories seem equally fragmented. We get glimpses of odd, painful, or potentially humorous patterns. But instead of mining her own offbeat sensibility, the author scurries off to a safer ground of more facts.

Beattie's most successful stories are those that deal with the directly bizarre: "Dwarf House," which is about the marriage of two dwarfs, and "The Lifeguard," in which a disturbed child sets fire to a boat and drowns himself and three other children. Both these stories have an emotional resonance and a sense of direction and completion that the other, more episodic stories lack.

Beattie has an instinct for the grotesque that verges on the edge of real wit and pain. She is obviously a first-rate craftswoman with an eye for idiosyncratic detail. I only hope that in her future work she will not keep her instincts and characters so much under glass.

—SUSAN HOROWITZ

**The Sword and the Pen**
*Prepared by Sir Basil Liddell Hart*
*Edited by Adrian Liddell Hart*
*Thomas Y. Crowell, 304 pp., $10.95*

Sir Basil Liddell Hart was probably the best known and certainly one of the most perceptive military writers of both World Wars. He died in 1971, after having completed a collection of what were for him the greatest military writings since the beginning of recorded history. His son Adrian then took over, and the result is this fascinating anthology.

From the Book of Judges, in the Old Testament, we move through Thucydides and the history of the Peloponnesian War, then to Xenophon's story of the escape of 10,000 Greeks from Persia, Polybius on Hannibal's great victory, and Caesar on his second invasion of Britain. Gibbon, Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington, von Clausewitz, even Stendhal, have their say about particular battles and strategies, prior to the moderns.

With the modern military writers, however, the book begins to take the breath of life. Lincoln is telling the ill-fated General Hooker why he has placed him in charge of the Army of the Potomac: "Of course I have done this upon what appears to be sufficient reason, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you."

Somehow, though, I like best Winston Churchill's picture of the bloody heroism at Omdurman, where the "21st Lancers remained in possession of the ground—and of their dead." Or T. E. Lawrence's description of a victory over the Turks: "A battle might be thrilling at the moment for generals, but usually their imagination played too vividly beforehand and made the reality seem sham—so quiet and unimportant that they ranged about looking for its fancied core. This evening there was no glory left, but the terror of broken flesh, which had been our own men, carried past us to their homes." You cannot describe the obscenity of war better than that. —RICHARD L. TOBIN


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# Trade Winds

## The Publishers Show and Tell

by William Cole

"WELL, here I am in Chi," as John O'Hara's Pal Joey used to begin some of his letters. This column is being written in mid-June at the seventy-sixth American Booksellers Association Convention, where the publishers show and tell what's coming up in the next six months.

We're at Chicago's McCormick Place, a monstrous complex that resembles a skyscraper that never got beyond its first floor. The Place and the neighboring McCormick Inn are on the shore of Lake Michigan, a body of water so vast that it prompted one Easterner, looking out from the inn, to say, "Gee, I thought the *Atlantic* was big!"

The main floor of McCormick Place is dedicated to another convention, a display of earthmoving machines. Unfortunately there seems to be very little earthmoving in the basement among this coming season's books. Everyone appears to agree that there are no major works or blockbusters in the bunch, either from a literary or sales point of view. There are, however, some good and interesting books: novels by John Updike, Renata Adler, Kurt Vonnegut, John Gardner, Hubert Selby, Jr., and Francine du Plessix Gray (her first—she's best known as a *New York Review of Books* writer); Alex Haley's long-awaited account of his search for his African ancestors, *Roots*; and a huge biography of Hitler by John Toland, who claims to have uncovered a lot of new material. I don't see a new *Gone with the Wind*, although there is a collection of Margaret Mitchell's letters.

So what's on display in these 700 booths? Acres of cookbooks telling you how to prepare hors d'oeuvres, Provincetown seafood, vegetables, dumplings, noodles, tomatoes, crepes, pancakes, and dairy food. There are many French and Chinese (especially Szechuan) cookbooks, four about microwave-oven cooking, a Sherlock Holmes cookbook, a one-burner cookbook, a captain's cookbook, and even a book on cooking in monasteries.

The acronyms are with us, too—a rash of books on CB (Citizens Band radio), TM (Transcendental Meditation), and even a takeoff called *The MT Book* (blank pages—get it?). Two of the more original titles are *The Cone Top Collector's Bible* (that's about beer cans) and *Why Drinking Can Be Good for You* (I'll read it). There's also a $250 book entitled *Battles of the Civil War*, a book for unmarried couples living together, and many books on marijuana. There are an Auden collected and a Penn Warren selected and a book I long to get my hands on, *Your Obedient Servant*, selections from the letters column of the London *Times*.

When you want a rest from ruining your feet walking around the booths, you can spend your time at symposia (Retirement Programs for Booksellers; Bookselling in Nigeria), or you can queue up for autographed books (Leonard Nimoy, Cab Calloway, Ruth Carpenter Stapleton), or you can attend press conferences being given by Hubert Humphrey, Desi Arnaz, and Mort Sahl. You can sit and listen to luncheon or dinner speakers, who sometimes utter something amusing: Frank Muir joked, "So I took a villa for three months to finish my novel. I'm a terribly slow reader." George Burns, cigar atilt, deadpanned, "I wrote a book." Three-beat pause. "It wasn't easy for a guy who never read one."

You can also walk around and eavesdrop. You're sure to hear a lot of "Good-to-see-yous" and "Have-a-nice-days" and also a lot of arcane publishing stuff:

"You have to admit that only ten percent of these books make money."

"Stockwise we can, but deliverywise we can't."

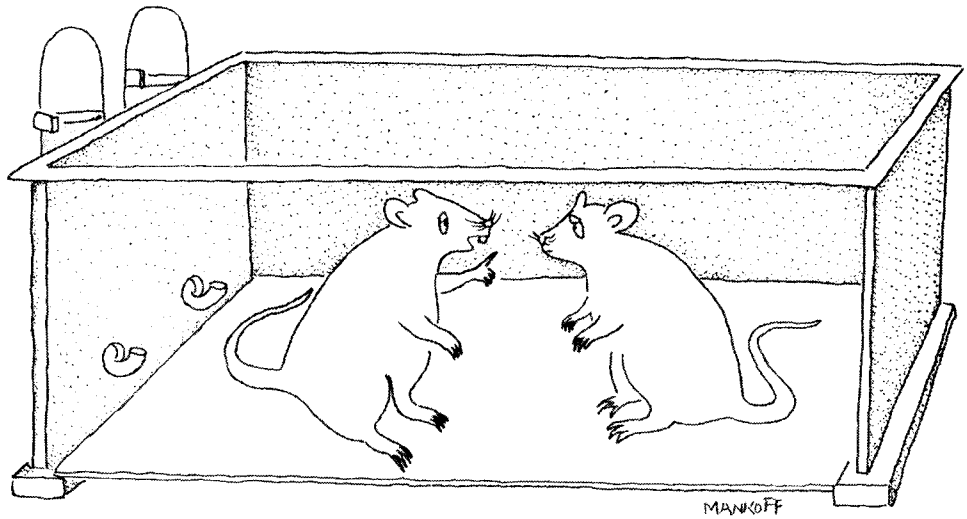
"Trouble is the pickers can't read English." (Has to do with the workers who fill orders in a book warehouse.)

"You can't spine those damn oversized paperbacks!"

"Yeah, the remainders all over this place are the books we were pushing as sure best-sellers last convention."

You can pick up a hundred different items: pins and badges to bring home to the kiddies, candies, balloons, funny hats, shopping bags, aspirin, peanuts, and even a dandy metric converter from *The New York Times* booth.

If you *really* want to waste your time, you can go to the annual luncheon of The Oblivion Press, a bunch of publishing jokesters whose specialties are "in" jokes and vulgarity, in equal amounts. The motto of their nonexistent publishing house is, "Our salesmen take orders from no one." This year they're pushing *The Collected Wills of Howard Hughes* and *The Microfiche Cookbook* (microfiche is all over the convention). As is traditional with Oblivion, the food was ghastly, the conversation aimless, and the personnel feckless. There was talk of the continuing mergers in publishing, and someone brought up a merger—Pratt, Platt, Funk, Munk, Tupper, Love & Wang—that *could* actually have taken place, since all the names are legitimate. ◉




*"My main fear used to be cats—now it's carcinogens."*



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# Artsletter

## OPERA—TRUCE IN MILAN . . .

Nothing seemed to go right for La Scala's two-week visit to Kennedy Center, in Washington, this September. It had been intended as a Bicentennial offering from the Italian government, but the devaluation of the lira made the price tag too high, and in late March the Italians announced that the Scala visit had had to be canceled owing to the country's "delicate economic situation." Martin Feinstein, Kennedy Center's executive director, refused to take no for an answer. Shuttling back and forth between Washington and Italy, he persuaded La Scala and the Italian government to wait until additional funds could be raised in America.

Soon some $330,000 was pledged to supplement the 700 million lire (about $825,000) that the Italians had originally been prepared to give. But by then La Scala's general manager, Paolo Grassi, had got himself into a donnybrook with the Italian parliament, with local union leaders, and with the managers of Italy's other subsidized opera houses, who have long felt that La Scala gets more than its fair share of state funds. From the parliament Grassi wanted a 50 percent increase in the $12-million subsidy allotted to La Scala, plus a special law that recognized La Scala as "an institution of world value" not to be crucified on the cross of what he called "bureaucratic egalitarianism." From the unions he wanted more flexibility about overtime work by stagehands and less of what he regarded as meddling in the artistic decisions of management.

At the height of the imbroglio, Grassi resigned, and he was followed out the door by his musical director, Claudio Abbado. Then everybody took thought again and finally agreed on an armistice that was mostly a victory for Grassi. The unions agreed to reconsider their policy on overtime, and half a dozen deputies introduced into parliament a law giving La Scala a special status and a good part of the requested increase in its subsidy.

So with La Scala back in business and money pledged for the Kennedy Center season, the trip to Washington seemed set for a reprieve. Then an earthquake devastated the Friuli area, in northeastern Italy, and again the government in Rome began to have second thoughts about the wisdom of sending La Scala on a costly journey to America. In the end, though, it was the earthquake that cemented the Scala visit. When the Italians finally agreed to reschedule the tour, it was as a gesture of gratitude for American aid to the earthquake victims. Barring further mishaps or misadventures, the Kennedy Center Opera House curtain will go up September 7 on the first of fourteen performances by the celebrated Milanese company.

## . . . AND TROUBLE IN PARIS

The concurrent visit of the Paris Opéra—first to the Metropolitan Opera House (September 8–18), then to Kennedy Center (September 21–October 3)—also seemed threatened for a while. No one denies that in his first three and a half years as general manager of the formerly floundering Paris Opéra, Rolf Liebermann has accomplished a first-rate rescue job. His success has not, however, kept him from getting into some pretty hot water this summer.

The trouble began, as operatic troubles often do, over money. The Opéra (or Palais Garnier, as Parisians often refer to their century-old opera house) has only 1,700 seats affording a reasonably good view of the stage. Ticket sales thus cover only about 20 percent of expenses. The rest has to come from a state subsidy, which for the 1975 season was 72 million francs (about $15 million). For the season beginning this fall, Liebermann proposed a budget that called for increasing the subsidy to 98 million francs (about $21 million). The government said no, pointing out that such an increase would give the Opéra 60 percent of all state funds allotted to music.

The budget crisis turned into a general crisis and revealed that many people were delighted with Liebermann's sudden vulnerability. He was reminded that he was guilty of being Swiss rather than French. He was accused of excessive devotion to the star system, of being prejudiced against French singers, of having killed the Opéra-Comique, of ignoring contemporary French composers, of neglecting ballet, of catering to snobs.

Liebermann answered his enemies gently, with the air of a man quite used to the fact that opera lovers are sometimes as irrational as their exotic entertainment. He reminded his critics that international stars were well worth the tariff because they attracted full houses and, anyway, the permanent-troupe system was utterly out of date. Local talent? "There are perhaps twenty French singers of international caliber," he said. "The Paris Opéra is not a sort of conservatory, open to beginners and people of only average ability." In general, he argued that he was simply doing what he had been hired to do, which was to raise the Paris Opéra "to the level of the world's great opera houses."

At the end of May the affair came to a climax,


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in the form of a stiffly worded letter from Prime Minister Jacques Chirac to Michel Guy, the State Secretary for Culture. Chirac, who is reportedly of the opinion that you don't win elections by coddling opera, insisted on two points. First, the Opéra had to become a truly national and democratic institution, diffusing its productions to a wide public by means of tours, television, radio, films, and records. Second, Liebermann had to devise ways of holding expenses to about their present level. If, Chirac said, some satisfactory progress on both points was not evident by July 15, the government would withdraw its subsidy and thus force the Opéra to close.

The immediate, and obviously intended, effect of the ultimatum was to put the heat on the leftist-run unions that represent the Opéra's stagehands and other permanent employees. Liebermann has long wanted to get at least some of his productions out of the cramped Palais Garnier, and he had already launched a radio-TV series. But restrictive practices and extra costs imposed by the unions had limited the number of broadcasts and ruled out films, records, and tours. (The U.S. visit is being financed by a special government grant, in part from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.) Even the demanded economies were largely up to the unions, for more than half the Opéra's budget goes to pay its permanent personnel.

After a week of thinking it over, 80 percent of the employees voted to open negotiations on the basis of Chirac's list of demands. Liebermann announced one of his democratizing projects: a closed-circuit-TV system for relaying performances from the Palais Garnier to a huge screen in the auditorium of the new Palais des Congrès, which seats 3,700. He also announced seven new productions for the coming season: five in the Palais Garnier (including the first installments of a "Ring" cycle conducted by Georg Solti and staged by Peter Stein) and two (Rameau's "Platée" and Rossini's "Comte Ory") in the refurbished Salle Favart, the old Opéra-Comique.

*Left: the remains of Venzone Cathedral. Above: a marble lady regards the debris in Colloredo Castle.*

## ART AMONG THE RUINS

Now that the immediate human suffering caused by the earthquake that struck northeastern Italy on May 6 has been alleviated, experts are turning their attention to the region's artistic losses. The Friuli area is not filled with world-famous masterpieces, for it lacked the wealthy Renaissance courts and patrons that could attract the greatest artists. But there is hardly a village in Italy without some memorable art, and in Friuli the earthquake badly damaged many wonderful churches and castles, and exposed centuries-old frescoes and carvings to the elements.

The photos above were sent to us by Mario Micossi, a Friuli artist whose drawings have often appeared in these pages. Better than any words, they tell a story of dismal devastation. Italian restoration teams, aided by outside experts from the United States and other countries, are now starting to count up the inventory of losses and to begin the long task of rebuilding and repairing what can be salvaged. But this is costly work, and money is urgently needed. Those who wish to contribute may do so by making out a check to Italian Emergency Relief Committee—Art. In this way the committee will know that the funds are to be applied specifically to artistic restoration. Contributions are tax deductible under IRS ruling 05-6060377-N. Address: Italian Emergency Relief Committee, 345 Park Avenue, Suite 4100, New York, N.Y. 10022. —ROLAND GELATT


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# If I Were a Collector

by Katharine Kuh

If I were a collector, I would choose to pursue the elusive fragments and miniature masterpieces that are now installed at the Metropolitan Museum in a survey called "Ancient Art." The exhibition, which opened last December and remains on view until early next January, includes some 280 works covering Classical, Near Eastern, and Egyptian antiquities, often objects of surpassing eloquence that require several visits to absorb. As Norbert Schimmel, the man responsible for assembling the group, observes, "I'm not a collector of archaeological artifacts. If a piece, no matter how rare, is without artistic merit, I skip it," a distinction that may partly explain why these small and frequently wounded works are possessed of a strong psychic pull. The very fact that time has eroded them, that the scars of a long life have left their imprint, makes them all the more mysterious. The entire exhibition is bathed in a kind of secret magic, enhanced throughout by a sensitively designed installation. Each object is given its own setting, its own space. "Fragments are often so concentrated they stimulate us to supply what is lacking," says Mr. Schimmel. In effect, what no longer exists enhances what does.

Norbert Schimmel is an unusual collector in many ways. He is reserved; he does not overidentify with his works of art or conceive of them as extensions of his ego, nor does he use them for personal aggrandizement. He is the audience, they the stars. Though highly knowledgeable, he gives full credit to the scholars who have advised him. Like most serious connoisseurs, he enjoys the hunt itself as well as the engrossing human associations connected with it, whether students, curators, fellow collectors, or dealers, many of whom he would not be apt to meet as the board chairman of a company manufacturing engraving machines. While Mr. Schimmel's collection is not an extension of his ego, it is certainly an extension of his life.

His knowledge has come through the dynamics of collecting—through trial and error, exhaustive reading, specialized travel, and constant exposure to art. "Of course I've made mistakes," he says. "As a matter of fact, the first Egyptian relief I bought was a forgery. But slowly I learned." He credits John Cooney, distinguished authority on Egyptian art, as one of his more important mentors. Focused travel, he claims, is also an integral part of his education. Acquisitions have sparked expeditions to every corner of the Mediterranean, and not infrequently to primitive, even hazardous, sites.

Antiquities are a field little explored by private collectors in America. Ancient works are hard to come by, shrouded as a rule in complex iconography and blurred with doubtful attributions. To specialize in this area demands more than an intuitive eye; it presupposes an experienced expertise and a wide familiarity with the nuances of ancient history. Fortunately Mr. Schimmel is not a newcomer to collecting; he has always pursued art with intensity, and even before he left Germany in 1937 he was already accumulating rare books and German Expressionist graphics. Later, in the United States, he turned to modern paintings and subsequently to drawings from various periods, a medium he especially admires because of its spontaneity. This preference for expressive draftsmanship reappears under multiple guises in his present collection. When contemporary art became, as he puts it, "unrealistically costly in comparison to incomparable works from the past," he shifted

*A relief from Amarna—"The imperious grace of a king's hand."*



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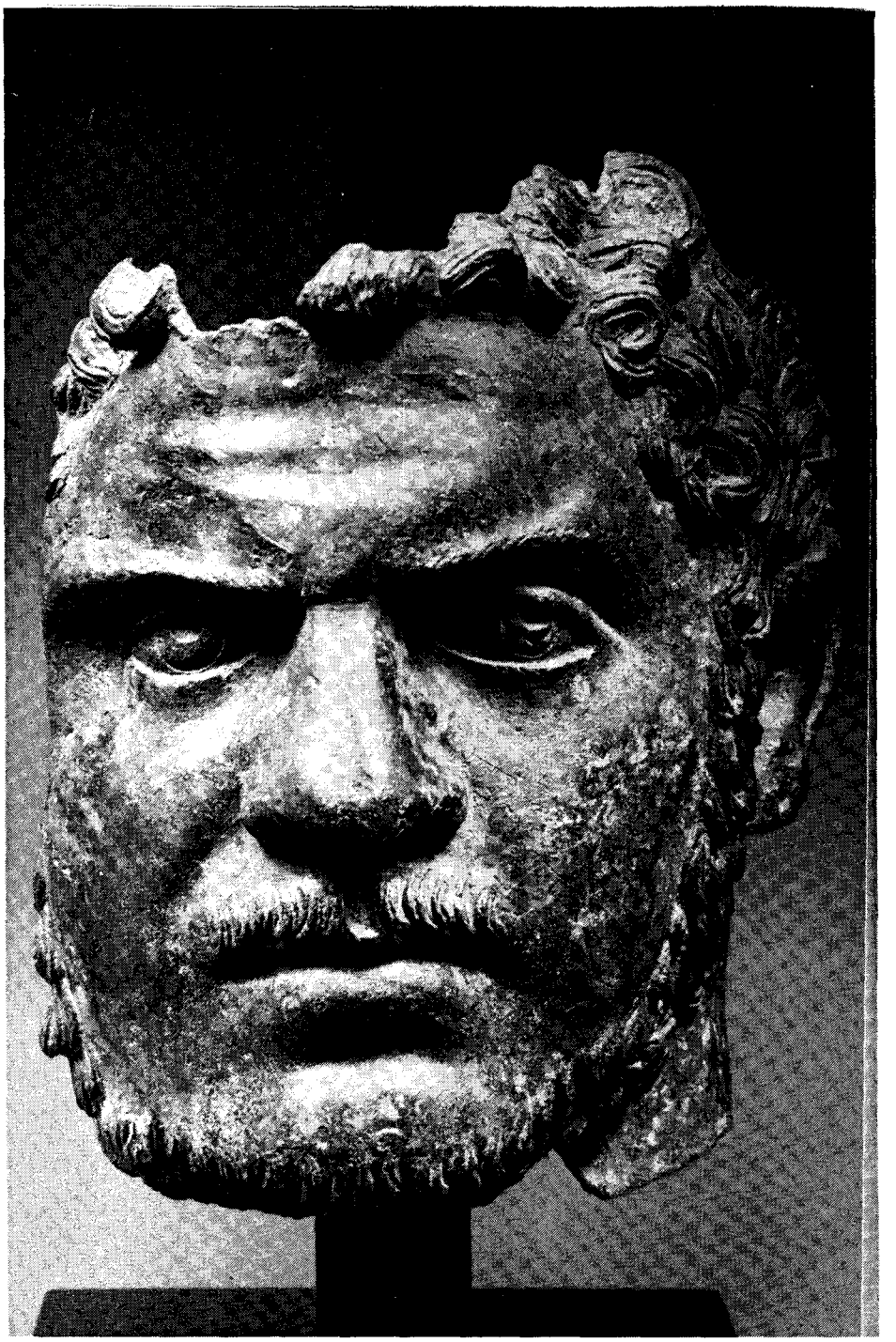
his sights to more remote horizons, and in 1948 purchased his first antiquity—a small Etruscan bronze—from the Manhattan dealer Mathias Komor.

For me the highlights of the collection include the Egyptian section (notably the Amarna reliefs), the Roman portrait sculpture, certain Hittite finds, a group of armor from Crete, to say nothing of numerous Iranian and other Near Eastern objects. Moreover, all the works, when seen in conjunction, emerge with what might be called a "persona." Representing the convictions of one man who makes his own choices without interference, Mr. Schimmel's acquisitions have an identity of their own. For him no routine museum gaps need filling, no institutional rivalries need considering. He buys as his increasingly honed sensibilities dictate. What curator would not envy his freedom? Clearly, the collection tells us much about the man behind it, whereas museum surveys are more commonly the encyclopedic result of changing staff preferences and fitful committee interaction.



*Portrait of Caracalla—"Lit with incandescent intensity."*

THROUGHOUT the collection, emphasis is on elegance, subtlety, ineffable craftsmanship, and the unusual—the last typified by such rarities as finds from a royal Hittite tomb that even the Hittite Museum in Ankara cannot duplicate. Two silver rhytons—one in the form of a stag, the other of a bull—plus a small golden goddess with a child on her lap, add new dimensions to our knowledge of a remote civilization. As for the goddess, sometime between 1400 and 1200 B.C. this prototype of the Madonna and Child pointed the way to the future. Repeatedly the archaic is stressed, the primitive avoided. Emphasis is on the small, intimately conceived object. Mr. Schimmel feels "a little work can still be monumental," and he might have added that it could also, because of its modest size, be less circumscribed by orthodox conventions than are carvings intended for majestic sites. There has always been more license where unobtrusive personal objects are concerned. Mr. Schimmel, however, is right when he points out how heroic tiny works can be. Take an Egyptian amulet made from one piece of translucent chalcedony, the largest dimension of the jewel measuring little more than two inches. Here, a sun globe (or is it the earth?) flanked by sinuous serpents becomes an almost abstract symbol of power, seemingly capable of unlimited enlargement. From the same civilization a minute representation of a lion's head clasping in its open jaws the head of a Nubian captive is no less a symbol of power, but a more aggressive and realistic one. The lion doubles for Egyptian authority; the Negro for the subjugated natives of Central Africa. This extraordinary miniature, made of Egyptian blue and originally inlaid with gold, is scarcely three inches long, yet it exerts an impact equal to that of a far larger, cruder, and later pre-Columbian carving dealing with much the same subject, and one which I saw shortly after its excavation at Uxmal, in the Yucatán. Hundreds of years and thousands of miles divide these two works and their worlds, but their underlying intention remains the same, and it's not very different from politics today. It is still the image, the show of power, that counts.

The refinement, the total sophistication inherent in every Egyptian object in the Schimmel collection, is provocative, sug-



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gesting that we today have considerable catching up to do. For proof one need only turn to the series of twenty-five Amarna reliefs from the time of Akhenaten, that baffling fourteenth-century-B.C. visionary who is remembered as the first ruler in history to promote monotheism. He also was the first Egyptian pharaoh to encourage a new attitude toward naturalism, an emphasis that opened the way to less hieratic and more individualized interpretations. During his reign, much of the rigidity that limited earlier Egyptian art (and would shortly reappear) was eliminated in favor of carefully observed human experiences.

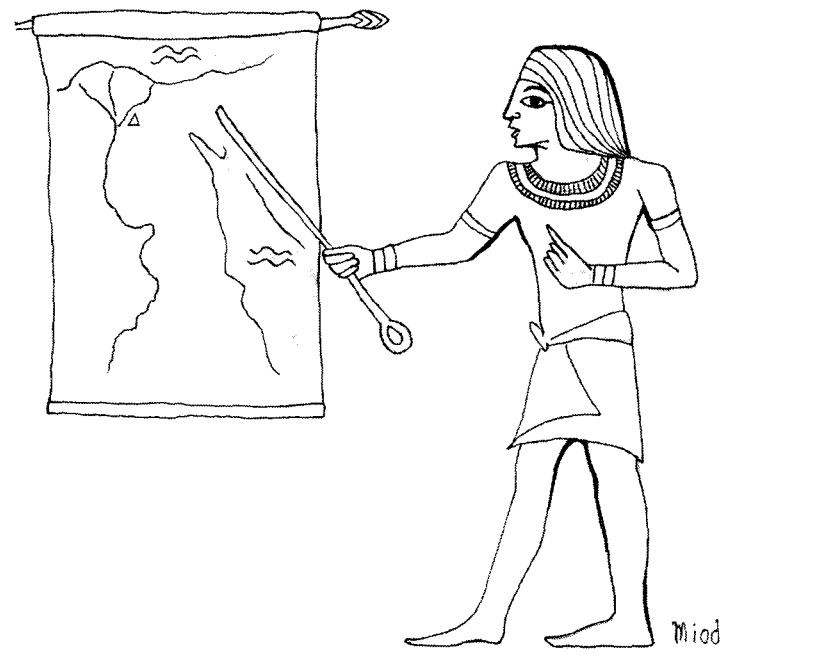
Incised in limestone, these limpid images from Amarna are actually enhanced by their fragmentation. We are allowed to concentrate on isolated sections that have been preserved despite surrounding losses, on such details as the imperious grace of a king's hand, or a swanlike neck and sensuous mouth, or decimated processions where heads and feet are scarcely missed. In one relief, only the legs of running horses remain, but their vitality is such as to evoke a fully realized cavalcade. In raised relief a field of wheat murmurs in the wind, each stalk individualized and yet part of a composite landscape where nature is seen as a growing, evolving phenomenon. For the first time in Egyptian art, natural objects were freed from their customary isolation and, even more important, from their purely decorative, symbolic roles. Mr. Schimmel confesses that this poetic segment, which originally may have contributed to a ceremonial scene, is an object that has special poignancy for him. Light energizes these carvings and accentuates their luminous purity.

To discuss even briefly the high points of this survey of ancient art is impossible in the space available, but not to mention the cache of Cretan armor would be unforgivable, for I know of nothing that quite compares with it except objects from the same find now in Iraklion and Hamburg. Dating from the seventh century B.C., these bronze helmets and mitras (stomach shields) are decorated with robust reliefs of horses, lions, fleeing youths, serpents, and sphinxes, each invariably adapted to the curved surfaces and irregular shapes of the armor. Like the Amarna series, they too are based on consummate draftsmanship, for, as I said before, the Schimmel collection never ceases to celebrate the potency of line. Observe various of the Greek vase paintings or the fluent designs on Persian bowls and mirrors or a Urartian metal belt on which 150 human and animal figures are projected in a continuous hunting scene. Not least is the crisply defined hair of a Roman youth, each lock incised in the marble with calligraphic imprint.

Carved during the second century, this sculpture is one of three unusually fine Roman portrait heads, a genre that can become suspiciously prolific and too often is without distinction. But these examples are not run-of-the-mill; each is lit with incandescent intensity and each depends on the most accomplished execution. The marble youth with his delicate androgynous face and snakelike curls is nonetheless understated, yet is clearly revealed psychologically, as is likewise a slightly earlier carving of a young man. Here, tenderly modeled contours disclose a withdrawn personality, preoccupied in almost hallucinatory introspection. The most powerful of the group is a bronze portrait of Caracalla, with whose likenesses, alas, we have been somewhat deluged, due to an overdose of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century copies. However, this version, reputedly from Asia Minor, is a superb third-century original, its questioning features masking the brutality traditionally associated with the emperor.

Accompanying the exhibition is an exemplary catalog with voluminous entries supplied by scholars from this country and Germany. In addition, it was designed by Mr. Schimmel, who has produced an interrelated layout where each work is reproduced, at times from multiple angles. When I asked the collector his feelings about restoration, he replied, "I hate it," and went on to quote a favorite saying: "A work of art can sustain the greatest damage but cannot afford the slightest restoration." He realizes that problems connected with the acquisition of ancient objects are increasing now that international export regulations have become progressively tougher, but he draws a distinction between movable and unmovable art. "Never again," he said, "will I, for example, buy an Egyptian painting ripped off a wall by vandals, but where smaller, mobile pieces are concerned, I think we should investigate the possibility of agreements making feasible extended reciprocal loans of rare works possessed often in duplicate or triplicate"—an admirable plan, but one that might eventually eliminate the lure of the hunt. ◉

**"Problems with the acquisition of ancient objects are increasing now that international export regulations have become progressively tougher."**




*"And now for the weather report: frogs today, locusts tomorrow."*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# The Movies

## Mel Brooks Tackles the "Pickford Paradox"

by Judith Crist

MEL BROOKS'S *Silent Movie* provides lots of laughs, some major and some minor pleasures, and a few small disappointments for his admirers. More importantly, it leads to speculation about the special art of the silent film—perhaps to a reading (if you missed it) of Kevin Brownlow's *The Parade's Gone By* and to a consideration of the "Pickford Paradox," so called and culled from the Brownlow book by Walter Kerr for use in the first chapter of his brilliant and fascinating book *The Silent Clowns*, which you cannot afford to miss. The Mary Pickford line—"It would have been more logical if silent pictures had grown out of the talkie instead of the other way round"—leads Kerr to a revealing discussion of "stripping down" as preparation for art, and the "logic" of abandoning the sound, speech, and color technologically available from film's beginning "in favor of the more austere, more imaginatively demanding pleasures of silence." The serious film had everything to gain from sound; but for the fantasy of silent comedy, it was, Kerr finds, the death knell.

Even without Kerr's illumination of an art of the past, one can readily see that Brooks has concocted a talkie with a gimmick. The gimmickry here involves parodies of silent-movie jokes and simplistic plotting. The absence of realistic sound and speech is complete with the exception of one word—spoken, of course, by the mime Marcel Marceau. Above all, it's an oral comedy, with its verbal humor obvious in signs, names, and title cards. Like *Blazing Saddles*, the Brooks film this most closely parallels, *Silent Movie* is clearly the work of gag writers: the story is by Ron Clark, author of the Broadway comedy *Norman, Is That You?*; and the screenplay is by Brooks, Clark, and Rudy DeLuca and Barry Levinson, two Emmy-winning writers for "The Carol Burnett Show." It's even more clearly the work of Mel Brooks, not merely as the co-author, director, and leading man, but also as the overall comic persona, replete with his satiric eye, sophisticated social perception, gut approach, and unfortunate tendency toward the scatalogical, not to mention his gift for the outrageous and—though I have sworn off the word as blurbily destructive—the hilarious.

The time is 1976. The plot involves a down-and-out ex-alcoholic director, Mel Funn (Mel Brooks), and his sidekicks, Marty Eggs and Dom Bell (Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise), who are out to save the studio, Big Pictures, Inc., from a takeover by Engulf & Devour, an Eastern conglomerate. The Current Studio Chief (Sid Caesar, lighting two cigars at a time) turns thumbs down on a silent movie, but a silent movie with big stars—ah! So off our heroes go to entice Burt Reynolds, James Caan, Liza Minnelli, Anne Bancroft, Marcel Marceau, and Paul Newman (all playing themselves to varying degrees) into their film. It's a race against time as E&D counterattack with their final weapon, Sex, embodied by Ms. Vilma Kaplan, a Bundle of Lust (Bernadette Peters), and there are sight gags galore: slapstick and pratfalls and rib tickles and rib pokes; shticks and bits and skits and lunacy—and lapses of taste and timing.

Brooks, Feldman, and DeLuise become a cross between the Three Stooges and the Ritz Brothers, with Feldman parodying lechery, DeLuise branching out for gluttony, and Brooks portraying the romantic hero. High points include a fantasy wedding-cake bride-and-groom dance with Peters and a solo bit involving the fatal bottle of whiskey. The three outdo themselves in a nightclub tango routine with Bancroft, who shares with us what seems to be the time of her life in some superb mugging; in a shower with Reynolds, who is engagingly self-satiric; in a bedside visit with Caesar, whose heart attack opens the way to some deliciously sadistic hospital gags (topped by an electronic Ping-Pong match on a heart monitor); and in a mad wheelchair race with Newman. And beyond these, there are wonderful idiocies: the late Liam Dunn as a fragile news vendor; Charlie Callas as a blind man; and fine bits about audiences sneaking into a sneak preview, people in Szechuan restaurants, and custom-tailoring and acupuncture shops. There's fun with the graffiti in E&D's washroom (OUR TOILETS ARE NICER THAN MOST PEOPLE'S HOMES is engraved above the mirror), with a steamroller, with a city song on the music track, and with a near-blind projectionist.

*DeLuise, Feldman, and Brooks—"A cross between the Three Stooges and the Ritz Brothers."*

And there are falters: Marceau in a Bip bit serves only to jolt us into the realization that we are watching speechless rather than silent comedy; the villainies of Harold Gould and his E&D associates are



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basically uninspired; Caesar is left unexploited; and Peters, pleasant in a minor-league Madeline Kahn sort of way, fails to create a character on her own. There are lulls in the Funn-Eggs-Bell routines and positive dead spots when Brooks gets sub-guts in subject matter. But these are quick to pass, and John Morris's movie-wise score and the writers' wits carry us along, with a rich, slickly designed production to smooth the way. As a tour de force, it's amusing on a superficial level. As a Mel Brooks movie, it's more of the same —and while we do indeed ask for more, we keep hoping for the "something different" he's come up with before.

For comedy of a different color—and the pun is qualitative rather than racial—Motown brings us *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, a pleasant summertime bit of foolery about a black baseball team in the thirties during the Depression, when the color ban in big-league baseball was intact and the Negro National League was enjoying its heyday. Like *The Bad News Bears*, this is more than a baseball comedy, focusing on personality and friendship while revealing the fascinating past of a national pastime. Above all, it is good-humored and kindly—so much so that a couple of brief "everyday" cruelties jolt one back to an unpleasant reality.

The screenplay, based on William Brashler's novel, is by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, who provided the screenplay for the excellent *Sugarland Express*. It tells the story of the revolt of Bingo Long, star pitcher of the St. Louis Ebony Aces, and Leon Carter, top hitter for the Cincinnati Elite Giants, against the peonage of the Negro League owners. Carter quotes W. E. B. Du Bois, simplifying his social theory into "be your own man," and Bingo dedicates himself to creating an all-star black team to barnstorm around the Midwest playing white or black teams. Eventually they become to baseball what the Harlem Globetrotters have been to basketball—and the owners are out to destroy them. They almost succeed. Finally, it's the top of the ninth in the winner-take-all big game; two out, bases loaded—and the villains have the star hitter stashed away. Need one say more?

But one should indeed heap praise on the cast: Billy Dee Williams and James Earl Jones, as the dedicated Bingo and the good-hearted Carter; Richard Pryor, a player determined to crack the majors as a Cuban or an American Indian; Stan Shaw, the rookie who finally breaks the color barrier via the Dodgers; Ted Ross, a villainous undertaker; Mabel King, a canny widow; and many more. There's high comedy, much excitement, and sweet sentiment. John Badham, a distinguished television director (*The Law, The Gun*) making his film debut, keeps everything moving right along with a couple of catchy and unobtrusive ballads to add to the spirit of fun. The production is handsomely designed with a nostalgic texture that gives the tale dimension. It's a dandy spectator sport whether or not you play.

*The Big Bus*, a happy takeoff on all those *Airport* adventure spectaculars, is so full of talents and ideas that I, for one, am not going to quibble about whether it works all the way or not. Written and produced by Fred Freeman and Lawrence J. Cohen, and directed by James Frawley, it crams the first nuclear-powered bus chock-full of fine comedic performers and takes them on a disaster-ridden nonstop ride from New York to Denver. The hero is Joe Bologna, a driver accused of cannibalism after a bus wreck, trying for a comeback under the aegis of Stockard Channing, daughter of the inventor and interior designer of the lunatic vehicle. The passengers include René Auberjonois as a falling-away priest, Sally Kellerman and Richard Mulligan as a love-hate couple, Lynn Redgrave as a lubricious couturiere, Bob Dishy as a veterinarian delicensed for putting an IUD in a rabbit, and lots more. In contrast to some of the season's earlier comedies, this one has imagination beyond the basic idea—and the ride is a cheery one. ◉

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**Wit Twister No. 77**

Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 54.*

Through our __ __ __ __ window slips a fly.

To __ __ __ __ himself on Mother's pie.

He finds a __ __ __ __ 'twixt cream and crust

And __ __ __ __ with cool, insectile lust.

The germs his every __ __ __ __ sheds

Glimpse Paradise in __ __ __ __ and spreads.

A. S.


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# Booked for Travel

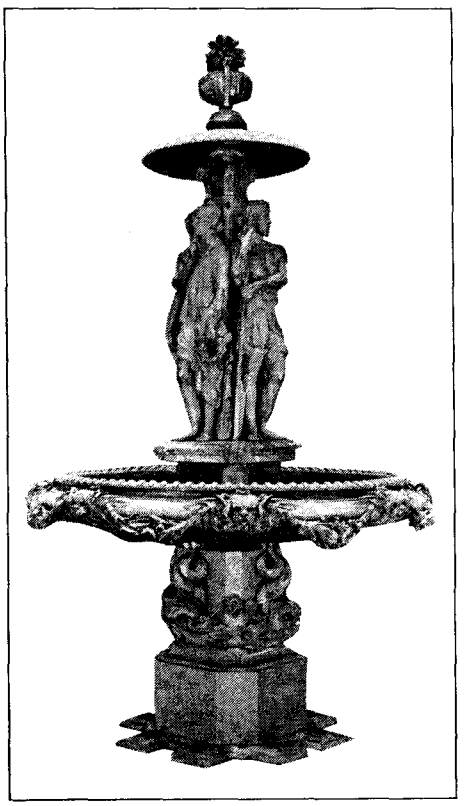
## Yes, We Have No Frozen Chocolate Bananas

by Horace Sutton

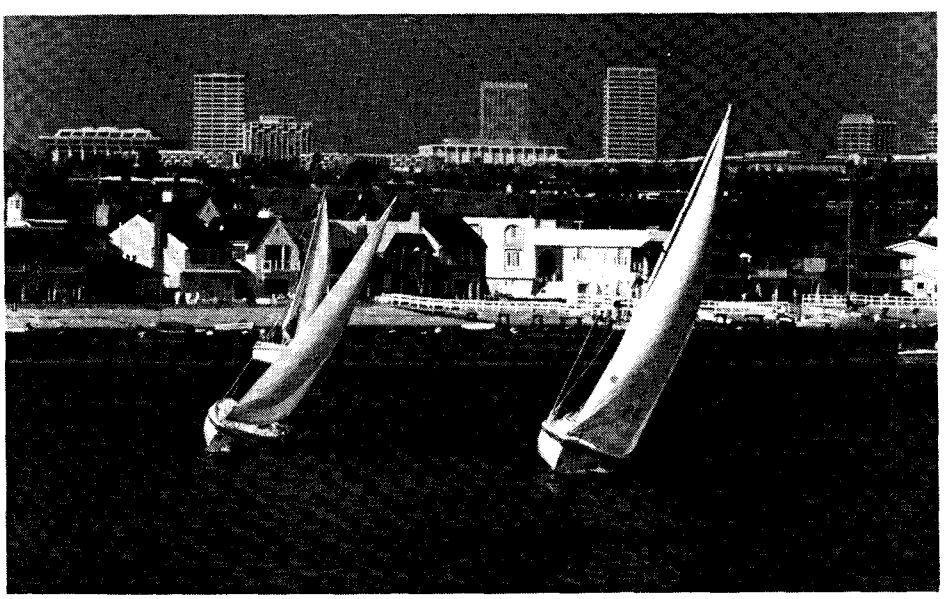
EARLY the other morning, with the cool night air—as yet unwarmed by the advancing sun—still hanging over the Southern California coast, one lone customer occupied a chaise at the edge of the pool at Newport Beach Marriott. Coat carefully hung over a chair, attaché case propped alongside him like a portable desk, he earnestly worked a portable phone slipped into a jack at poolside.

If one had to work on a sun-washed California morning, this itinerant *commerçant* had devised the ideal method and the perfect place. Behind him the landscaped greensward of a golf course rolled softly toward the sea. Sailboats heeled in the wind that wheezed across the Pacific. Petunias and daisies exploded in pots set along the brick walks of the hotel. If the setting caressed the eye and made it seem too pleasurable to be businesslike, one had only to look inland to the new white towers of Newport Center, a trading post only fifty miles from Los Angeles yet no more than a modest overland trek from the nearest surfing beach.

In a civilization that pitches its tents around shopping plazas, Newport Center has to be the Place Vendôme of marketplaces. Twittering birds flit among the drooping eucalyptus trees; water lilies burst into blossom in papyrus-edged pools. Bands play in concert in the sunken plaza. Bike riders and skateboarders are sent to practice their artful skills on other acres. The only playground here is for toddlers, and it is screened by the trees.



*Marriott's fountain—Memories for wanderers on the trade routes to Rome.*



*Newport Center and the sea—"Wind that wheezed across the Pacific."*

This center is a forum not for the exchange of ideas but for the conduct of trade while pleasuring the person. Small merchants occupy the stores between such California pillars as Robinson's and The Broadway. Bullock's is building a branch and so is Neiman Marcus. Penney's provides a balance for shoppers who prefer to trade more modestly.

The setting, so free of the smog, so near the sea, has attracted corporate offices that have moved their headquarters from Los Angeles. Pacific Mutual's inverted and honeycombed pyramid is the most daring design among the scattering of white towers that have risen on the ridge. For their employees and for shoppers, Newport Center provides assorted nourishment, California style, in supremely attractive surroundings.

A Tex-Mex menu with frills is offered at El Roberto, which serves burritos, Mexican pizzas, and Ortega burgers on its private mall, and Island Coffee House, a sort of sunken deli, produces assorted frankfurters, all mutations of the hot dog: mile long, chili, steaming kraut, hot cheese, and super. "Super" is the operative word in these latitudes, the quintessential superlative that instantly replaces, with one all-embracing word, such terms as "biggest," "best," "prettiest," "nicest," and such.

The congregation of Californians and visitors at Newport has inspired both Sheraton and Marriott to install local branches. Until Sheraton built its seven-story outpost near the Orange County Airport, there was only the venerable Newporter Inn. Now Marriott has added a 377-room lodging house with pool, tennis courts, two restaurants, meeting rooms, and a pair of super suites for super executives.

The rooms in the tower rise around an open court. Each one has an oversized bed, color television, AM and FM radio, individual climate control, and a link with the outside world using direct-dial telephones. The courtyard itself is decorated with a thirty-ton nineteenth-century Italian Renaissance fountain that was displayed at the Great Paris Exhibition of 1863, and then sold into private hands.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Those wanderers who have followed the trade routes to Rome may well find their memories stirred by the Capriccio Room, an Italian-flavored Marriott restaurant that bears the name of that celebrated upstairs Roman corner near the Excelsior. The other parlor, the King's Wharf, is a standard Marriott fixture—heavy on the steak, seafood, and salad. Friday nights it is a disco madhouse.

Some census taker has tabulated more than 100 restaurants in the sixteen-square-mile area that embraces Newport Beach, Balboa Island, Corona del Mar, and nearby communities. A new one is said to open every week. The names range from the Velvet Turtle, in Newport Center, to the Rusty Pelican, near the water. Birds and animals are conditioned, too, by California's unbridled imagination.

Whereas French culinary artists practicing along the Mediterranean and the Atlantic are inclined to produce local variations enhanced by personal expertise and imagination, the accents in California are different. Here the menus are similar; only the settings differ markedly.

Two prize examples are the Warehouse, in a prissy brick walkway called Lido Village, and the Cannery. The Warehouse looks like a godown in Hong Kong, and the Cannery is a restaurant installed in part of an old cannery that functioned here in the thirties and forties. The factory took the catch of the dory fleet that fished through the night off Newport Beach, landing it in the morning off Newport Pier. When California retooled for war and shipyards appeared on the coast, the cannery never recovered. With the peace, Newport grew, and mackerel moved out to cleaner waters, clear of the poilution.

NEWPORT'S history is sweet and short, from mud flats to $150,000 homes and million-dollar boats (there is at least one) in less than fifty years. The only visible historic marker one is liable to find on Balboa Island adorns Sugar and Spice, a confectionery shop: ON THIS SPOT, it says, THE FIRST FROZEN CHOCOLATE BANANA WAS BORN.

Frozen chocolate-plated bananas are the confection here and, like the Balboa Bar—more compactly called the Bal bar—can be dipped in such embellishments as mixed nuts, butter brickle, shredded coconut, and chocolate sprinkles (also called jimmies back East).

Balboa Island is a street of little storefronts. Real-estate offices advertise their offerings (sample: Cape Cod dollhouse, with one-bedroom apartment and guest quarters, $135,000) and take prospective buyers cruising in golf carts. Those who stop and shop will find crocheted bikinis and a yacht shop that sells pillows emblazoned with maritime patois (I LOVE MY HUSBAND BUT DAMN THAT BOAT).

No two chairs are alike in Miones, where sawdust covers the floor, and vegetarian pizzas and pastrami sandwiches are among the specialties. Hemingway's, on the other hand, leans toward the health foods preferred by the Now Generation, whoever they are. Anyway, the fare is steamed vegetables and brown rice; lettuce, alfalfa sprouts, sesame seeds, and avocado with whole wheat bread; and that baked badge of the healthful life, carrot cake.

A majestic double row of soldierly date palms line the route that leads down Marguerite Avenue to the beach at Corona del Mar. The expanse of sand is huge and open, with ample room for four volleyball courts all going at the same time. Upbeach, the surfers, often in wet suits, are waiting for the waves. Downbeach, the powerboats are slipping along the man-made channel on the way to their roosts.

All that and only half an hour from San Clemente. ◉


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# The Pulse of the Sea

**A Monthly Letter from**
**Jacques-Yves Cousteau,**
**president, The Cousteau Society**

## Catch as Catch Can

> He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. . . . The old man was thin and gaunt . . . and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as the erosions in a fishless desert.
>
> —ERNEST HEMINGWAY,
> *The Old Man and the Sea*

TIMES have changed since Santiago struggled for his great marlin. Old skiffs are of little use now that fleets of fishing factories sweep across the oceans, and bloody-raw bait doesn't lure as efficiently as sonar does. A hand-held knife is no match against the miles of nets and hooks and lines that capture whole schools of tuna. The only thing that remains of the old man's world is the fishless desert. But now it is dry not just for Santiago; it is dry for us all. And *salao*—the old man's bad luck—is not so much to blame as is our own careless exploitation of the seas.

In 10,000 B.C. man realized that, by gathering berries and killing wild animals, he would deplete his food resources on land. He ceased trying to pit his human wit against animal cunning and applied his intelligence and vast experience to farming selected plants and breeding animals rather than slaughtering them. He had learned that hunting was living off capital and that farming was living off revenue.

One hundred and twenty centuries have passed, and we have yet to apply that same simple principle to our oceans. We are living off capital, each year flagrantly withdrawing more. There are those in the fishing industry—not simple Santiagos, but businessmen with clout in Washington—who seem to think that they could ravage the ocean forever if the U.S. government would only rule that other nations must stay 200 miles away from shore. It will be difficult to keep foreigners outside those limits; it will be even more difficult, I would suppose, to keep the fish inside them.

In the meantime, before such foolish measures become international law, the only existing rule is no rule at all—oceanic anarchy. Nations are scrambling for the dwindling remains in the ocean—Great Britain versus Iceland in the recent Cod War; France versus Brazil in the Lobster War—greedily competing in a senseless game of catch as catch can. Fishing techniques are about to surpass even science fiction. Special buoys are equipped with "fish calls," played back into the sea, and the lured schools of fish are accurately located. Remote-controlled ships are activated by the telemetric gadgets attached to these instrumented buoys. When fish are in the area, the robot ships approach their prey and catch them with electrically operated nets and automatic suction pumps. Trawlnets, though less sophisticated, are even more damaging, scraping the sea bottom bare of fixed fauna.

THESE technological "advances" have enabled us to increase the total world catch seventy times over in the last century and a half. But the figures are deceiving, and they are beginning to decline. The fact that a great many fish have been taken doesn't mean that many fish remain; the fact that the quantity caught is great doesn't mean the quality caught is, too. Only 65 percent of the fish landed are edible.

And what of the edible fish? What has happened to them? The list of our violations against this important source goes on and on. And it is as long as it is indecent:

• Herring catches reached an all-time high in 1966—1.7 million tons. The following year, the catch dropped to 250,000 tons.

• The yellowfin sole has been overfished out of the Bering Sea.

• While overfishing the yellowfin sole, fishermen came upon an incidental catch of pollack. An inexpensive, edible member of the cod family, this fish is especially valuable as a food source because it feeds directly on plankton-eating organisms. But in the space of only ten years, Pacific pollack have been so zealously overfished that the catch has declined 76 percent per hour of trawling.

• The California sardine fishery, which hit its peak of 1.5 billion pounds in 1936, ceased to exist by 1962. Sardines practically vanished as well from such hitherto productive areas as Brittany, Portugal, and Morocco.

• In 1970 U.S. sportfishermen caught more than 666 million fish, estimated to weigh 1.58 billion pounds, about one-third the U.S. commercial catch that year. Much of that catch, however, was a total loss, both to the industry and to the public. More eager to feed their egos than to feed people, many fishermen participated in "catch and kill" tournaments. In one contest thirteen blue marlin—an endangered species—were caught, weighed, photographed, and then put on a compost heap! An official of the tournament, upon hearing that the public was flabbergasted by the action, huffed that it was "no outsider's business" to know what sportsmen did with their catch.

• The increase in expenditures due to overfishing has become exponential compared with increases in the catch. The number of fish caught by sportsmen in the last twenty years, for example, has increased by 12 percent. But the fishermen have increased by 100 percent and their expenditures by more than 150 percent.

• Over the world, more than 4 million spearfishing enthusiasts, mostly neophytes, ravage coastlines and coral reefs. They spear anything that moves, grab lobsters in their hideouts, and frighten most coastal fish away from their spawning grounds.

• In shameless displays of carelessness, many nations continue to practice what they call "pulse fishing." They intensely deplete a stock from some distant shore, then abandon the scene to the lo-



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cals, only to come back when—and if—the stock makes any sort of recovery.

• The kill is not necessarily always the catch. For some mysterious reason, porpoises always swim above herds of tuna. By dropping purse seines—huge nets with drawstrings—around and under the playful cetaceans, fishermen have found they can bag an entire herd of tuna. Unfortunately they also bag about 500,000 porpoises each year. When scientists representing the Department of Commerce met with environmentalists to discuss this problem, one scientist went so far as to inquire if the solution was merely a matter of finding out how many dead porpoises a week the public would tolerate—something like an acceptable wartime body count.

• If porpoises are saved from American nets, they may still be caught by the Japanese. Fully expecting whales to become extinct by the end of the decade as a result of their own overfishing, the Japanese may turn to porpoises.

And so it goes. The Domino Theory of Fish Destruction—overfishing of one species leads to the exploitation of another. The fishermen of one nation battle against those of another, destroying their neighbor's catch and their own.

Each nation cries out for the simple—and only reasonable—answer: world regulation. Yet no nation wants to be regulated. The United States is particularly guilty of seeing the situation with tunnel vision, of asking others to do as it says but not as it does.

Furious that foreign boats have fished herring from its eastern shores, the United States is ready to spend more than $143 million to guard and maintain its self-proclaimed 200-mile zone. Yet American tuna skippers have refused to recognize Ecuador's right to issue fishing licenses and have proceeded to muscle their way into landing a 300,000-ton annual tuna catch.

The first to extend its own territorial waters—President Truman unilaterally extended U.S. jurisdiction over the mineral-rich continental shelf in 1947—the U.S. government nevertheless gives its blessing to American crews who violate the limits of other countries: the Fisherman's Protective Act of 1967 provides that fishermen be reimbursed by the U.S. Treasury (that is, out of our taxes) for fines, confiscated catch, damages, and 50 percent of lost fishing time if they are apprehended on what we define as the "high seas."

One would think that such blind devotion on the part of government toward any industry would be the reflection of its mighty profit-making capability. Yet the total U.S. catch constitutes only .07 percent of the gross national product.

In a world in which millions are starving, surely the human factor looms greater than the economic factor. Does the fishing industry, then, derive its lobbying powers from its food-producing capacities? The answer is definitely no: substantially less than 10 percent of the proteins consumed in the world originate in the sea. In the United States it is less than 5 percent.

Part of the inedible 35 percent of the catch—the fatty "trash" fish—is manufactured into cattle feed and given to livestock. At one time this "protein concentrate" was offered as charity to the Third World; but there are obvious difficulties—political and psychological—in asking people of the Third World to eat fodder that we originally intended for our beasts of burden.

Even the edible fish are a luxury. First of all, most of them are sold to the one-quarter of the world that already overindulges itself in protein. Second, these fish are extremely high on the food chain—about 10,000 tons of sea vegetables produce one ton of tuna, whereas ten tons of fodder produce one ton of beef! It is as hopeless to count on fish as it would be to count on tiger meat to feed the world.

If the industry doesn't provide food, what does it do? In the words of Edward Wenk, Jr., in his *Politics of the Ocean*, "People don't go to sea to fish for fish; they go to sea to fish for money." As a part of the national economy, the fishing industry is insignificant. But it is an aggressive, influential business. Its concern is not so much with the supply of fish for future generations as it is with amortizing the staggering costs of the elaborately equipped fleets of the post–World War II era.

It would be almost as irresponsible and unproductive to end on that criticism, without supplying a solution, as it is to exploit the marine resources carelessly. How can we use the sea to relieve some of that desperate need we have for food?

The answer is not so difficult—it is the same one that man stumbled upon 12,000 years ago. If the fishing era is coming to a close, we will have to farm the sea.

We need not start from the primitive beginnings—mariculture (farming the sea) is hardly a new idea. More than 1,000 years ago, the Chinese began farming six varieties of one species—each of which lived off the wastes of the others—in one pond. The extent to which the practice has developed, moreover, is extraordinary. Already half the nation's catfish and 40 percent of its oysters are raised. The possibilities are endless. According to John Ryther, of Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, in Massachusetts, one-tenth of the world's wetlands—just 100 million acres—could yield 100 million tons of food each year—the equivalent of the potential landings from the world's commercial fisheries. Other scientists estimate that if we farmed mussels in a 1,000-square-mile area of Long Island Sound, we could produce three times the world's commercial catch. In this sort of closed-cycle system, almost every aspect of rearing would be controlled. Toxic metals and other pollutants could be eliminated.

Such developments are only a part of what Elizabeth Mann Borgese calls the "Blue Revolution." But the Blue Revolution cannot begin until the Gray Revolution—the Gray-*Matter* Revolution within our minds—is well under way. We must realize that man's survival no longer depends upon his supposed "struggle against the elements." Then, clearheaded, we will have no trouble in choosing to live off revenue rather than capital. We will base our new relationship with the sea on matters more significant than fishing interests. And we will elect our leaders using criteria other than the size of the fish with which they are photographed.

Like Hemingway's old man confronted with the great marlin, the fishing tycoon shouts in the face of the ocean: "I'll kill him . . . in all his greatness and his glory. . . . I will show him what a man can do. . . ." ◉

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## Cousteau Society Briefs

The Cousteau Society invites all *SR* readers to its third Involvement Day, to be held in Milwaukee on August 28. Jacques Cousteau, his son Philippe, and other ecology-minded scientists will explore specific environmental problems in the Midwest. Meanwhile, Philippe Cousteau and the PBY crew are pushing ahead with their TV series, "Oasis in Space." The segment they are currently filming deals with a taconite-processing plant in Silver Bay, Minn., that spews 67,000 tons of asbestos-laden wastes into Lake Superior daily, to be later ingested, via the drinking-water supply, by about 200,000 residents of Duluth.


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# Diversions

## Episode Near Munich: A Lost Address

by Leo Rosten

"THE things that are hardest to bear are sweetest to remember," wrote Seneca. What nonsense. How kindly memory represses the anguished moments of the past. Life would be unbearable were we unable to forget.

The other night, some friends were talking about the war (I mean the big war, called II), and suddenly, with the sharpness of a knife thrust, I remembered something pushed into the cellars of my mind long ago. It is not easy for me to write about it even now.

It was 1945, just after the Nazis collapsed. I was on a special mission. We were driving from Augsburg to Munich—"Tex," my GI driver; Major O'Neill; and myself, a civilian in officer's uniform, with lofty colonel rank.

It had been raining for two days—a harsh, very cold rain. We swept around a wide curve in the road, and I saw a figure far ahead, marching toward us, head down, shoulders hunched. It wore no hat, no coat. As we came closer, I saw it was a young man. He was soaking wet. The rain dripped off his hair. His shirt stuck to his wet skin. A rucksack was half slung across his back.

I had seen hundreds of people plodding down the roads of France and Germany this way: alone, in groups, silent, beaten, stunned. But there was a curious jauntiness in this boy's pace. I told Tex to stop.

The boy slowed down warily, but when he spotted the U.S. Army star on our car, his face lit up. "Hollo, *Amerikaner!*"

"Hello. *Wie weit ist München?*" I asked.

"*München? Ja.* Oh—thirty kilometers, sir." He spoke in Yiddish. "*Aber,* I am no German! No! Look." He was jabbing at a red-cloth triangle sewed onto his shirt: it was the badge Jews had been forced to wear. He rolled up a wet sleeve: I saw blue numbers tattooed on his forearm.

"Get in," I told the boy. He clambered in next to Tex.

"Which camp were you in?"

"Buchenwald."

"Where are you going?"

He pointed to the west.

"*Where?*"

He shrugged. "To France, maybe. Holland. Anywhere. Then, I hope, America. Everyone wants to go to America. I have a relative there! An aunt. My mother's sister. I never saw her, you understand, because she left Poland before I was born, but my mother got letters from her before the war. . . . I would like to get word to my aunt. About me. Being alive, I mean. She's the only member of our family still alive. I just want her to know. That's all. If someone was glad I survived—well, that would make a difference."

"What's he saying?" O'Neill asked me.

I told him.

He fumbled for a cigarette. O'Neill was the toughest-looking Irishman you ever saw, and he wore a shoulder holster with a fearful .45 bulging in it. The pistol had given me great comfort until I learned that "Buzz," a PR joker, was afraid to load it. ("Scares hell out of you *un*loaded, right?" He certainly was right.)

"Your aunt," I said to the boy. "What's her name?"

"I don't know. She married."

"Do you know her address?"

"Her address." The boy sighed. "That's the trouble. I don't remember. I had her whole name and address in a little notebook. But when they took us to Buchenwald they lined us all up in the snow and told us to undress—naked, absolutely naked. I had that little notebook in my pocket, with my aunt's name and address in it, and I took the notebook out of my pocket as I took all my clothes off, but one of the Nazi guards grabbed the book out of my hands and threw it on the pile of other things. I asked him if he wouldn't please let me keep just one page. He hit me with his gun and knocked me down. Then all the men were herded into a room; they tattooed numbers on our arms."

"What's he saying?" O'Neill asked.

I told him.

"Oh, Jesus."

"I never really knew my *uncle's* name," the boy said. "I just figured it was in the notebook. . . . And the address—how many times, in the camp, I tried to remember it! But all I could bring back was that it was in New York, and the street was a number, and it had four numbers. Every night, before I'd fall asleep, I tried to bring that address back to my mind. . . . All I want is for my aunt to know. It's nice to think one person in the world is glad I got out alive. . . ."

"Isn't there any part of the address you remember?"

He frowned. "I think the street was Two—and the numbers began one eight. That's all I could remember."

I did not know what to say. I asked, "Did you report this to the Americans?"

"Oh, yes. The Displaced Persons authorities, the Red Cross—they were all nice. They filled out forms. . . . But what could they do? What can anyone do?"

We gave him a poncho, some soap, chocolate, K rations, and cigarettes. The boy made a halfhearted gesture of refusal, but O'Neill told him not to be a damned fool. The boy stuffed the things into his rucksack. "The cigarettes are very valuable," he said. "I can trade them." He slipped the poncho over his head and burst into a grin. "This is wonderful!"

I wrote my name and APO number on a slip of paper. "Look, if you ever do remember any more—about your aunt or uncle's address—write me. Or ask one of our soldiers. They'll do it."

"If I could only remember," he said.

He got out of the car and started down the road to the west. Once he turned to wave to us, and I saw that he was wolfing the chocolate.

"Goddamn it, Parks!" O'Neill suddenly shouted at Tex. "What the hell you waiting for? Get the lead out of your ass! Move it! *Move!*"

Soon we splashed through some miserable village, and O'Neill stuck his head out of the window and kept yelling, "*Schwein!* Sonsabitches! Dirty, rotten murderers! Murderers, mur-der-ers!"

In Munich we got drunk quite quickly. All Buzz O'Neill did was curse and shout obscenities I can hear even now. ◉


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# Curmudgeon-at-Large

## Missives to the Grateful Dead

by Cleveland Amory

WHAT kind of junk mail do you mind the most? Advertisements? Phony invitations? How about those "Dear Occupant" ones?

When you come right down to it, however, my guess is that the mail you're most tired of getting consists of government form letters. Well, lots of luck. You're not only going to get them all your life, you're going to continue to get them after you're dead.

You think we're kidding? Lots of luck again. We're not. The Illinois Department of Public Aid regards as "standard procedure" sending out letters to persons known to be deceased.

"Dear Deceased," the letter begins. We just love that "Dear Deceased," don't you? Well, we admit we made that up. The letters don't really say that.

The letters are *to* the deceased, though, and what they say is, and we quote again, "Your assistance benefits will be discontinued because it has been reported to this office that you have expired." That's right, *expired.*

Of course the Department of Public Aid admits that if it's all a mistake, and the expirant hasn't really expired, and shows up in, presumably, reasonable shape—well, they do the decent thing and reinstate him immediately. Big of them, what?

---

**Capsule-a-Day**—as found by Carol Koury in *The New York Times*:

Who, for example, now remembers the 1939 World's Fair capsule, destined for the people of the year 6939?

The Westinghouse Electric Corporation, which sponsored the 500-year World's Fair capsule now buried under Flushing Meadow, New York, added, in 1965, an "updated" capsule alongside the "old" one. It told the people of the twenty-fifth century about World War II, the hydrogen bomb, the United Nations, jet aircraft, and commercial television.

Well, the way we see it, the first thing they ought to do is decide when to open it—2439 or 6939. The second thing is that we should say the hell with the television. Who knows? It may have gotten better by then.

---

**Crime Note**—as uncovered by Howard Stapleton, of Glendale, Calif., who found it in the *Lamont Weekly News*:

Loretta Patterson of Edison reported someone broke into her home during the night of March 15 and took a purse which contained a small amount of cash and a Honda motorcycle.

Well, look at it this way. There probably wasn't any room for a *large* amount of cash.

---

**Letter of the Year–Businessese Dept.**—as forwarded by Neal Butler, of Honolulu:

Charles M. Black, President
Historic Hawaii Foundation
837 Cooke Street
Honolulu, Hawaii

DEAR CHARLES,

In reviewing the situation and from pertinent remarks made by Mrs. Allyn Cole, Jr., our membership chairman, at a meeting yesterday of the Membership Committee it now seems most important if not absolutely imperative, and certainly extremely necessary for us to go forth endeavoring to embark upon the task of forming and solidifying a firm foundation for the organization which at this time might in the minds of certain people seem somewhat elusive.

The economic feasibility of any of our endeavors or indeed of the organization itself is in direct proportion to the active involvement and the participation of actively involved citizens who agree with the hypothesis and the direction which has thus far been set forth by the capable trustees and members of the Historical Hawaii Foundation.

Thus it would seem eminent and timely that now is the occasion to heed the astute advise as proposed in the outline recommended by the Membership Committee which is herewith enclosed as an attachment to this document which I forward for your perusal. Additionally, it may be pertinently informative to all those who might be involved in this action to know that Charter Membership in Historic Hawaii Foundation has been decreed by the Board of Trustees as ceased as of May 15, 1976, at the close of National Historic Preservation Week which seems a timely termination point and perhaps most advantageous for our purposes.

Our effectiveness will be directionality proportional to the involvement and response which is received from those endeavoring to support the purpose of the foundation but in simplistic terms inspecting the situation from a negative determination it will not necessarily suggest that was have failed should our goals not be ascertained as so hopefully anticipated.

In conclusion, may I ask for your thoughtful response in reply to the above information as herein outlines should you feel so inclined and your provacative thoughts and consideration to this metter will be communicated enthusiastically to others who share this concern.

Cordially yours,

KENNETH WATSON
Executive Director

We tell you, if that bird ever gets down to the nitty-gritty, he's going to be dangerous.

---

**Sports Afield**—as run across by Donald Koehler, of Hornell, N.Y., in the *Hornell Evening Tribune*:

Tim Mead of Andover hurled a one-hitter Monday in beating Whitesville 1-0 in Allegheny scholastic baseball.

(Only hit Mead allowed came on a ball that he watched stay fair as he rolled down the first base line.)

No, no, Tim, you've got it all wrong. The *ball* does the rolling, and *you* chase it! ◉

**Fraser Young**
**Literary Crypt No. 64**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.* *Answer on page 55.*

EDF YVE IA LFGA QCVQ
RCAM V YVM IATBML
QD OVHH CBYLAHW V
"GAVHBLQ," CA BL
SGASVGBMT QD UD
LDYAQCBMT CA BL
LAOGAQHE VLCVYAU
DW UDBMT.

—LEUMAE CVGGBL


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# Light Refractions

## The Origins and Pedigree of "Canoodling"

by Thomas H. Middleton

IN THE May 15 *SR*, this column dealt with the changing language of courtship—the passing of such words as "spark" and "spoon." I mentioned that, for charm, my favorite courtship word is "canoodling." I said that it was an old word I'd heard years ago in an old song, and that no one uses it these days. In fact, I had never heard it outside of that song.

Well, I got some wonderful letters on "canoodling."

W. E. Umbach, dean of graduate studies at the University of Redlands, California, and etymological editor of *Webster's New World Dictionary*, says, "When we decided to add the word in the Second Edition, it was among the numerous new entries for which I had to provide an etymology. In the process I consulted those proposed by all of the better current dictionaries. I found none of them adequate or convincing.

"After having identified the word as definitely an Americanism, dated in one of Mencken's works in the early 1850s and located by him as an expression common in the Missouri-Mississippi basin, I began to consider the likelihood of Mencken's explanation—that it is an American extravagant invention created on the frontier. It occurred to me that I might consider the possibility of borrowing from one of the languages which have contributed to the American vocabulary. Spanish? . . . Indian? . . . Pennsylvania Dutch? At this point it suddenly came to mind that the word "noodle" is unquestionably of German origin, but "canoodle"? Something in the back of my mind suggested that an American might very well have created a full syllable to replace a possible *kn* initial sound (in the same way as English uses the name Canute for the Scandinavian Knut). If so, how would one construct the word from which it might have been borrowed? I attempted it: *knudel* plus an 'n' if the source was a German verb. It was not a term with which I was familiar, although I have spoken German since early childhood. But I referred to the old *Muret-Sanders Encyclopedic Dictionary* and found, to my delight, *knudeln*, defined as 'to cuddle.'

"The etymologist must, of course, raise two questions. First, how does it happen that the word appeared where it did appear and at precisely that period of time? It is almost impossible to escape the conclusion that it was one of the German words brought by German immigrants who came to the Missouri-Mississippi basin in the years following the Revolution of 1848. (I happen to be familiar with the history of the German Baptist churches in this area because my father began his ministry in one of them in the 1890s.)

"The second question is what are the origins of the German word? This was not too difficult. It derives clearly from a dialect form of the German word *knote*, a knot, the obvious meaning being 'all knotted up.' It is a uniquely effective term for the cuddling process."

ALL this strikes me as first-rate etymological detective work. Thank you, Dr. Umbach.

The Germanic origin of "canoodling" is substantiated by a letter from Gordon Robertson, of Wallace, Nova Scotia, who lived in British Columbia during the thirties. Mr. Robertson says they had a mixed population up there at the time, including Scandinavians, Scots, and several others, and that the languages tended to crop up in strange blendings. "There was this throw-in line current then," he says. *"Svenska flikka canoodlin brah—behinda the stumpah.* As I had never heard of 'canoodling,' I assumed it came from Sweden. I considered it to mean unauthorized bundling, at least."

Carl Thompson, of New York, took the time and considerable trouble to copy and send me most of page sixty-five of the Viking edition of *Finnegans Wake.* I don't mean he copied it on a Xerox or anything like that. I mean he typed it out; and that, friends, is worth time and a half on any working day. Here's part of it:

". . . old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two, chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, at's as simple as A.B.C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they were all afloat in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo, a tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcame-you-e'enso for Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can you? Finny."

"Incidentally," Mr. Thompson adds, "in case in this context it doesn't quite come across, my Joyce experts tell me that this passage is based on the 1920s American episodes of Daddy and Peaches Browning . . . for whatever that's worth."

That's worth a great deal to me. As one to whom *Finnegans Wake* seems an impenetrable mystery, I'm delighted to know that *that* part is about Daddy and Peaches. ◉

**Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 103**

Henri Frenay:
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France had fallen not before an ordinary adversary but before Adolf Hitler and the *deutsche Weltanschauung* with which he had imbued his people. Our defeat was not confined to loss of life and material wealth. The very soul of France was in mortal danger.


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*Answer to Wit Twister* (see page 45): east, sate, seat, eats, seta, teas.

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RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N. Mex. 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 350 Broadway, New York 10013.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR Box 635.

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt* No. 64 (see page 51): You may be sure that when a man begins to call himself a "realist," he is preparing to do something he is secretly ashamed of doing.—Sidney Harris

## HOUSES FOR SALE

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing Office, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

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## TOWNHOUSES AVAILABLE

VANCOUVER LAKE, WASHINGTON . . . ELEGANCE prevails throughout Lakeshore Hills. Ten superbly constructed, two- and three-bedroom residences. Two fireplaces each. Decks. Unobstructed lake views. Country seclusion, twelve miles to Portland. For brochure write: Joel Scott, 8800 Lakeshore Drive, Vancouver, Washington 98665. (206) 573-5461.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### FOR RENT

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

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LONDON—2-bedroom furnished apartment available September of academic year. $260.00. Royston, 4074 Grove, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

## APARTMENTS WANTED

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## APARTMENTS FOR SALE

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## PROPERTY AVAILABLE

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MAINE—140 secluded wood acreage—with 600' Lake Frontage—car road—$30,000.00. Franklin Realty Company, Brokers, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel: (207) 778-2852.

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WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

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TEACHERS. 60+ pages of current school/university vacancies, $6. TIE, Box 306-SR, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

COMMUNITY CULTURAL CENTER DIRECTOR—At least 5 years full responsibility management, programming, supervision in performing and visual arts center. Relevant degree desired. May substitute exceptional experience in part for education. Facilities include 750-seat concert hall/theatre, outdoor theatre, exhibit galleries, meeting rooms. Dynamic innovative approach, ability to work effectively with community. Salary range $13-$16,000. Resume by August 15, 1976 to Cultural Commission, P.O. Box 5066, Carmel, Calif. 93921.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS. Degreed volunteers in Math, Biology, Chemistry, Physics. Teaching experience, 2 years French useful. Transportation, living, medical expenses paid. Singles or couples only. U.S. Citizens. Information: Lynn Rotenberg, ACTION, ORC Box P-11, Washington, D.C. 20525.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used bookstore! Details, SR Box 1009.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-310-T, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

THE WORLD CAN HAVE ENOUGH PROTEIN and we have the commercializing processes to make it happen, PLUS regenerating the soil. We seek a broker to underwrite the development of the business. Source Proteins, Inc., SR Box 2084.

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THE HORN BOOK, INC.


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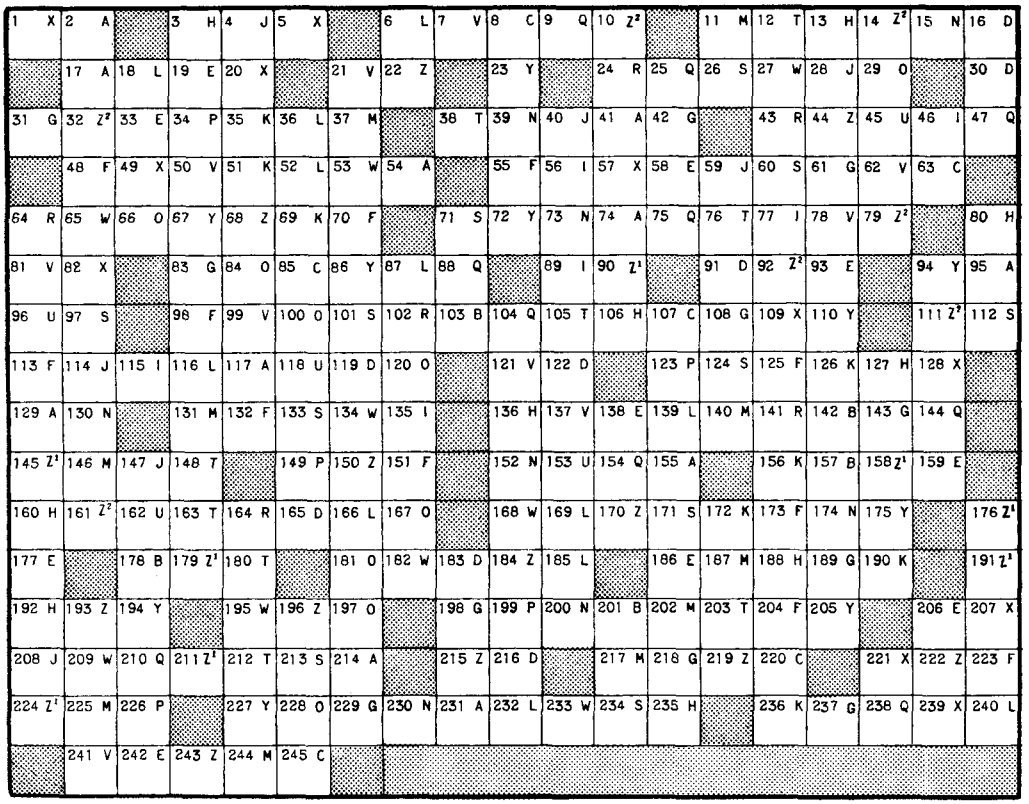
# Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton




## Number 104

### Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Something essential, indispensable, or basic | 74 95 155 214 231 17 54 117 129 2 41 |
| B. American dramatist (*1906–63; Golden Boy*) | 103 142 157 178 201 |
| C. Tidy | 220 245 8 63 85 107 |
| D. Immediately (2 wds.) | 165 183 16 30 91 119 216 122 |
| E. Free, unconfined, unrestrained (3 wds.) | 138 159 177 186 206 242 19 33 58 93 |
| F. Character created, and assumed, by Thackeray | 70 98 125 204 223 48 55 113 132 151 173 |
| G. Hero of *Around the World in Eighty Days* (full name) | 198 218 237 42 61 108 189 229 31 83 143 |
| H. Heedless | 188 235 3 80 106 127 136 192 13 160 |
| I. Shameless, impudent | 77 56 89 46 115 135 |
| J. French dramatist (1815–88; *Chapeau de paille d'Italie*) | 114 147 40 59 208 4 28 |
| K. Under obligation | 35 51 69 126 156 172 190 236 |
| L. "On the pendant boughs her _____/Clambering to hang" (2 wds., *Hamlet*) | 116 169 232 18 36 52 87 139 166 185 240 6 |
| M. Everywhere (3 wds.) | 131 202 37 146 225 244 11 140 187 217 |
| N. Transgressions | 39 230 130 152 15 73 174 200 |
| O. Experienced | 84 120 167 197 29 181 228 66 100 |
| P. Abrupt; scanty | 226 149 199 34 123 |
| Q. Plan, venture, undertaking | 144 238 9 47 75 210 104 25 88 154 |
| R. Sickly, emaciated | 43 141 102 64 164 24 |
| S. Blustering talk | 101 213 60 112 133 234 26 97 124 71 171 |
| T. Discouraged, obstructed | 212 38 163 12 203 76 148 180 105 |
| U. Go to; come to; afflict | 153 45 96 118 162 |
| V. Attachment; reinforcement; appendage | 21 50 62 78 99 241 7 81 121 137 |
| W. Endangers | 168 182 53 65 134 195 209 27 233 |
| X. Verges, boundaries; hands and feet | 57 207 221 109 5 20 1 128 49 239 82 |
| Y. American novelist (1843–1916; *The American*; full name) | 194 72 67 175 110 227 23 94 205 86 |
| Z. Keats tragedy (3 wds.) | 215 22 196 243 193 222 68 170 44 219 150 184 |
| Z¹. American author and teacher (1852–1929; *Principles of Playmaking*) | 224 176 145 211 179 158 191 90 |
| Z². Spiny anteater | 10 111 92 14 79 32 161 |

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 103* appears on page 52.



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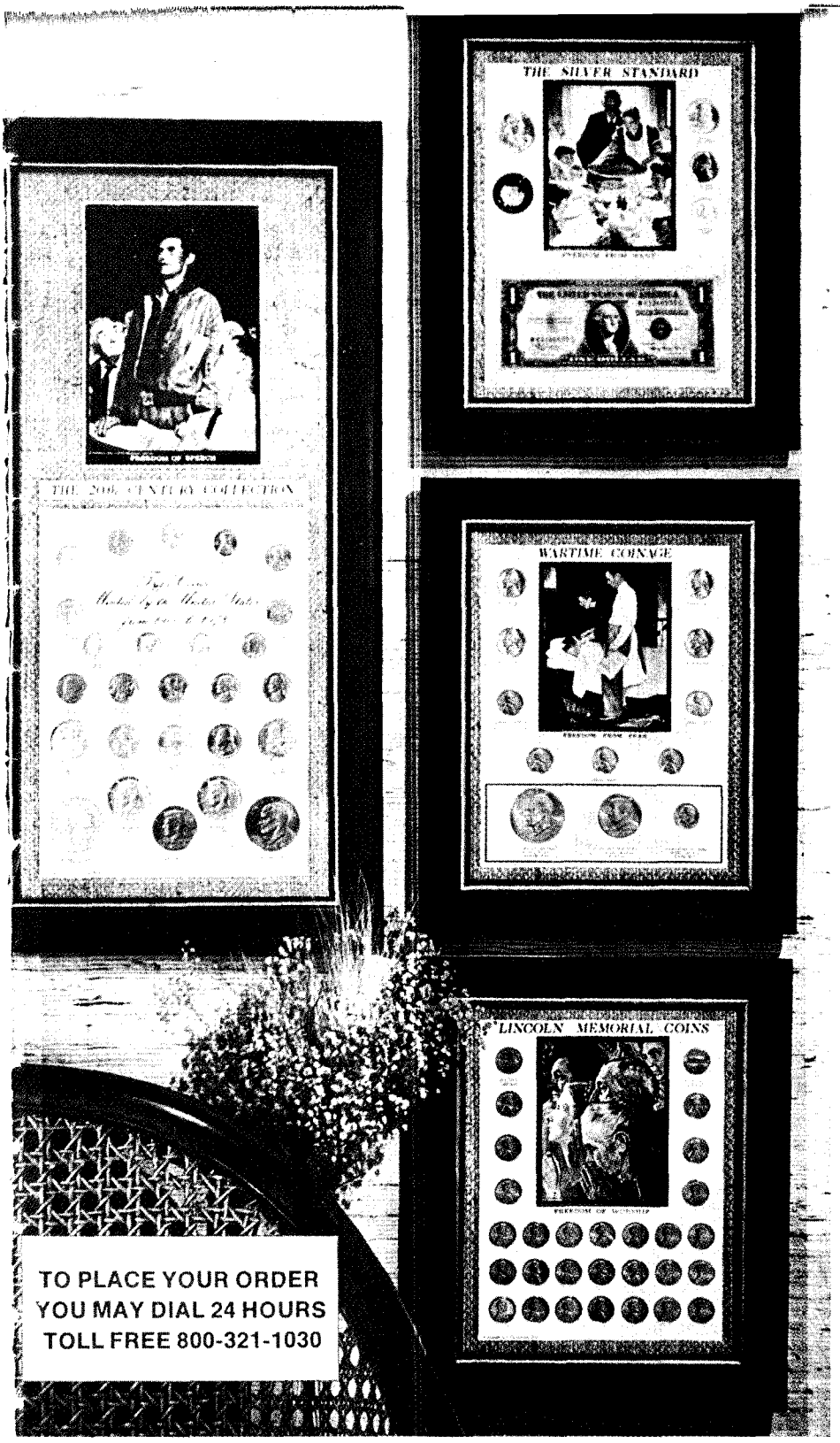


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Name (Please Print)

Address

City State Zip

Signature

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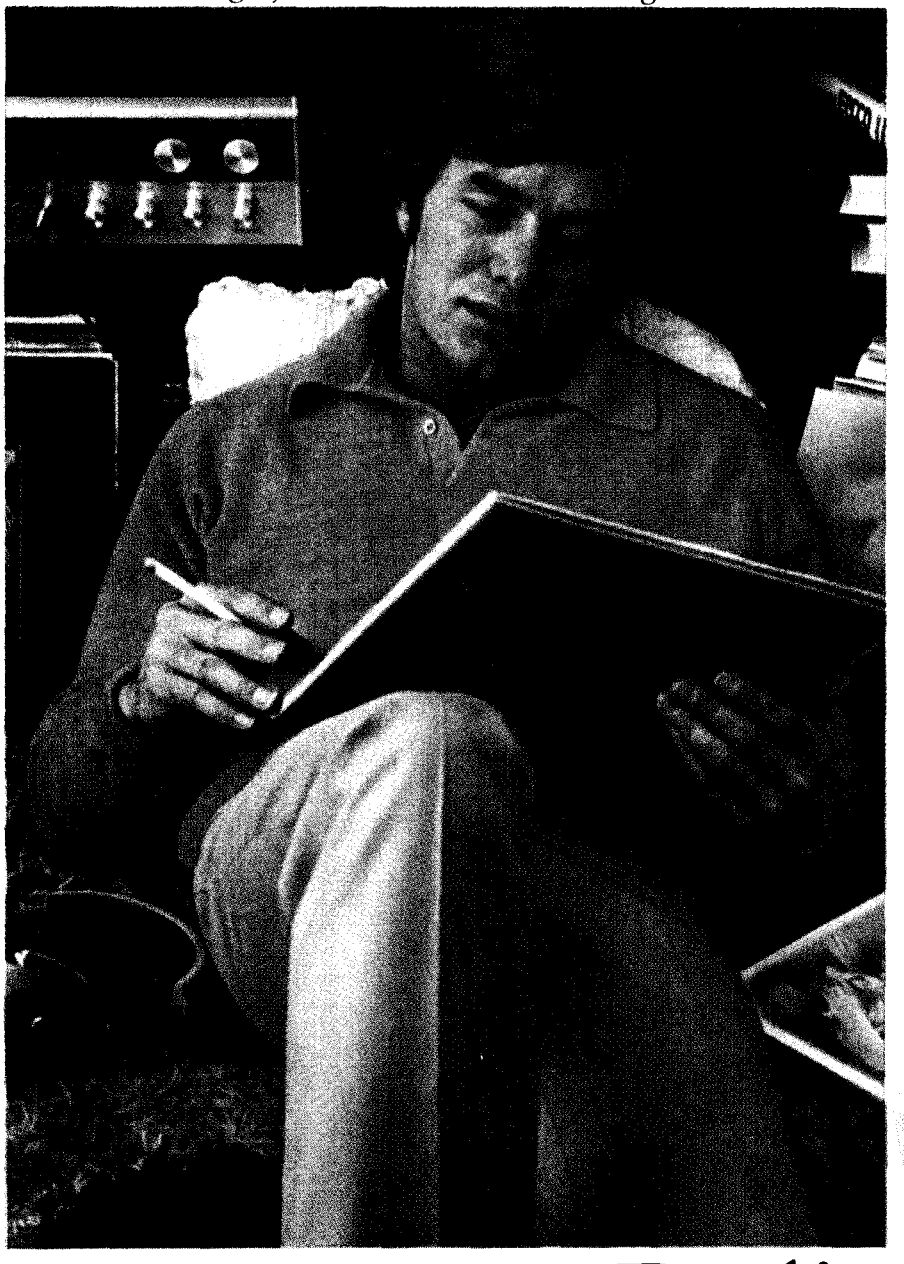
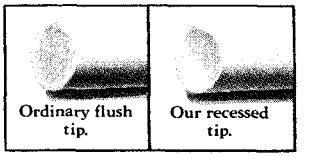
# The low-tar cigarette with the recessed tip.

*The thoughtful choice in low-tar smoking.*



*Most low-tar cigarettes are flush-tipped. So tar buildup is flat against your lips.*

*But Parliament has the recessed tip. That means tar buildup never touches your lips. All you get is that neat, clean taste.*




*So if you're trying to find a low-tar cigarette that tastes good, why not choose the one with the difference, Parliament with the recessed tip.*

# Parliament

*Kings, Box and 100's*

Box: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine—100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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